

THE CRITIC

JOURNAL OF BRITISH AND FOREIGN LITERATURE AND THE ARTS:

A Guide for the Library and Book-Club, and Booksellers' Circular.

NEW SERIES, No. 101, VOL. IV.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1846.

Price 4d.
Stamped Edition, 1d.

SUMMARY OF CONTENTS.		Page	Page	Page
BIOGRAPHY—				
Memoirs of Elijah Impey	625	The Oxford and Cambridge Review	633	MUSIC—New Publications, &c.
HISTORY—		Sharpe's London Magazine	634	DRAMA—
Napier's Florentine History	626	Lowe's Edinburgh Magazine	634	French Plays
VOYAGES AND TRAVELS—		MISCELLANEOUS—		Haymarket
Forbes's Travels in Lycia, &c.	628	Characteristics of Men of Genius	634	Ethiopian Serenaders
Haydon's Five Years' Experience in Aus-		Rural Pickings	637	Jullien's Bal Masqué
tralia	631	Peter Parley's Tales about Shipwrecks ..	637	NECROLOGY—
FICTION—		The Works of Schiller	637	George Darley
Abbotsford Edition of the Waverley No-		Walker's First Lecture on the Condition		JOURNAL OF INVENTIONS
vcls	633	of the Metropolitan Graveyards	638	JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY—
EDUCATION—		JOURNAL OF FRENCH LITERATURE—		The Phrenological Journal
Antho'n's Æneid of Virgil	633	M. Mery's Héra	638	HEIRS-AT-LAW, NEXT OF KIN, &c.
PERIODICALS, &c.—		JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY	640	BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR—
The Eclectic Review	633	ART—		Literary Intelligence
		Portraits and Memoirs of Eminent Con-		List of New Books
		servatives	640	ADVERTISEMENTS.

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of Sir Elijah Impey, Knt.; First Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Judicature at Fort William, Bengal. By ELIJAH BARWELL IMPEY. London, 1846. Simpkin and Co.

A CONSIDERABLE portion of these memoirs is occupied with a refutation of certain calumnies which the author alleges to have been circulated by the Right Hon. T. B. MACAULAY in the *Edinburgh Review*. As nothing can be more uninteresting and tedious than controversies of this sort, we pass it by without further comment, and proceed at once to a biography, of which it will be sufficient to present but a very brief outline, as it is remarkably deficient in all that gives interest to works of its class.

Sir ELIJAH IMPEY sprung from the middle class, his father having been a merchant in the City, connected with the East-India trade. He was educated at Westminster school, and early exhibited considerable talent for verse-making, both in English and Latin. Among the anecdotes recorded of his school-life is the following: When about the age of sixteen or seventeen, on the occasion of a thesis for an essay, preparatory to the recitations, he wrote thus:

"DECUS ET TUTAMEN."

Hæc coma quam spectas duplicem mihi servit in usum,
Tutamen capiti nocte, dieque decus.

Thus anticipating the lines of GOLDSMITH, published some eight or ten years after:

"A night-cap crowned his head instead of bay,
A cap by night, a stocking all the day."

Among his schoolfellows was WARREN HASTINGS, with whom he contracted a friendship that continued through life.

In 1751, Mr. IMPEY was admitted a pensioner of Trinity College, Cambridge, having just previously entered as a student at Lincoln's-inn. He distinguished himself as much at the university as he had done at school. In 1752, he gained a scholarship; in 1754, he obtained the college prize for a Latin declamation; in 1756, he was the second in the Tripos, having also won a fellowship and the junior chancellor's medal. In October 1757, he was elected fellow of Trinity College, and on the 4th of July, 1759, he was senior fellow. He was called to the Bar on the 23rd November, 1756, and immediately found himself associated with THURLOW, KENYON, HEATH, MANSFIELD, WALLACE, and DUN-

NING, all rising men. With the latter he contracted an intimate friendship, which terminated only by death.

In 1766-7 he made a continental tour in company with DUNNING. At Rome he sat for his bust to NOLLEKINS, then beginning his career. On his return he married, in January, 1768, being then 36, Mary, the daughter of Sir JOHN READE, Bart. of Shepton Court, Oxfordshire, and afterwards lived very retired in Essex-street, Strand, toiling at his profession, with straitened means and an increasing family. He had selected the Western Circuit, and was then deemed to stand, as a pleader, next to DUNNING. He used to ride the circuit on horseback. Having distinguished himself in a difficult cause at Exeter, business began to flow in, having waited for it seventeen years; and just then he was offered and accepted the office of Chief Justice of Fort William, Calcutta.

His history while filling that office, his conduct in many respects so questionable, his severity as a judge, his doings as a man, we cannot attempt to sift from the whirlwind of controversy into which his son and biographer plunges, the moment he has landed his parent on the soil of Asia. They who enjoy such disputes will find abundance of pleasure in the perusal of pages which afford ample material for attack and defence. Suffice it that he shared in the impeachment of WARREN HASTINGS, whose coadjutor and, it is said, protector, he had been in all the proceedings that obtained for him so questionable a reputation. Sir ELIJAH was acquitted by his contemporaries, but history has appealed against the verdict.

Three chapters comprise all the remaining records of Sir ELIJAH's life. A few private anecdotes and some correspondence relieve the monotony of controversy. From these we select a few, with the same merciful intents to preserve our readers from nodding over this meagre chronicle.

THE DOWAGER AND HER LAP-DOG.

Among our intimate acquaintance was a wealthy and eccentric old dowager, Lady —, who prided herself on her station and ancient manor-house, and who was a passionate admirer of theatricals. On one occasion, when my father had excused himself, Cavallo was invited to escort her ladyship and my sisters to the play. The philosopher was somewhat behind time, and the party were kept waiting, to the great discontentment of the dowager, who loved to see the curtain draw. It entered not into her conception of the fitness of things that a great dame should be delayed by a poor philosopher, and, at last, her pride and impatience found vent, to my father's no small amusement, in the following ejaculation, as he told the story, "Cavallo, indeed! Who is your Cavallo? I wonder where he came from! I wonder where his country house



is?" The same old lady was as enthusiastically fond of lapdogs as of plays. At the same time she entertained a constant dread of hydrophobia. Some mischievous neighbours, one day, nearly drove her to distraction by telling her that mad dogs had become very common; and that it was probable her own special favourite had been, or might soon be, bitten. Her ladyship, who had long been accustomed to consult my father, not only on matters relating to law or business, but on all other concerns whatsoever, drove off in a prodigious fidget to our house. "Oh, Sir Elijah!" said she, "I fear my poor Pop is going mad! do you think there is any danger?" "None," replied my father, putting on a serious face, "none! he can never be mad enough to bite so excellent a mistress. But, should he unhappily impart the malady to any one of the little insects which are familiar to dogs and men. * * * I tremble at the thought of your ladyship's being bit by—an hydrophobicous flea!" But it was not in this piece of drollery, or in many others, to relieve Sir Elijah from the dowager's consultations.

Among the entertainments at Newick Park, when numbering among its guests the famous BOSWELL, HALHED the patron of BROTHERS the prophet, and WARREN HASTINGS, was

A DUTCH CONCERT.

It was enacted after this wise: the players, seated round a table, pretended to play upon musical instruments—each confining himself to some particular one, and, with suitable action, accompanying them with a *sotto voce* imitation of their respective sounds. But the ingenuity of the amusement lay in the leader—Cavallo—whose province it was to elicit forfeits from the rest. This was done by pointing with a scroll of paper, in the fashion of a Maestro di Capella, to every mock musician in turn, who was thereby summoned to perform a solo; while the rest, who had before been playing in chorus, were to remain quiet. These signals were purposely made in such rapid succession as to perplex those to whom they were addressed; and if the performer, so applied to, did not instantly respond to the summons, or if, in his hurry, he assumed an instrument not his own, he forfeited a pledge, redeemable by a penalty imposed upon him by the party whose instrument he had assumed. It was concerted that Mr. Hastings should play the organ, Sir Elijah the violoncello, Halhed the Jew's harp, and Boswell the bagpipe; but, either by mistake or contrivance, Boswell and my father interchanged instruments; so when the forfeits were cried, Bozzy called upon my father for a Greek or Latin speech. This he obeyed, *ore rotundo*, by repeating "*Barbare celarent Darii Ferio Baralip-ton*;" but in revenge, Jemmy was presently commanded to translate it. How my friend got out of the scrape I do not exactly recollect.

It was at this time too that WARREN HASTINGS produced the following somewhat pungent epigram

ON SIR PHILIP FRANCIS:—

"A serpent bit Francis, that virulent knight,
What then?—'Twas the serpent that died of the bite!"

Many of the witticisms are very flat, and not worth the paper on which they are printed. Somewhat better are these:—

ANECDOTES OF HALHED.

When Tolfrey and Halhed, and a few more congenial spirits, met together, there was a collision of wit and a good fellowship at Newick Park which could not easily have been matched elsewhere. "Halhed," said a forward young man who presumed to be too familiar with him, "what is your Christian name?" "Mister," replied Halhed, "and I desire you will call me by it." He had once a black serving-boy, who understood no language but Bengalee. "Hand me the salt," said Halhed inadvertently. The black boy stared and shook his head. "What a stupid fellow," cried his master, looking hard at him, as he pronounced the last word; "why it's as clear as noon-day!" The lad instantly handed the salt-cellar; for *nua*, in the language of Bengal, is *salt*, and *da* means *give*.

A PLEASANTRY OF SIR ELIJAH.

My father's pleasantry was colloquial; it lay rather in prose than in metrical impromptus, and was mostly of a sort that

could win the smiles and sympathies of the fairer sex; for his wit was perfectly exempt from that grossness which was but too prevalent in his earlier days, not only among the gentlemen of the robe, but in other distinguished classes of society. A very accomplished and much-admired lady of quality, one of our nearest neighbours at Newick, knew that Sir Elijah suffered frequently from an affection of the kardia, commonly called "heart-burn;" and, fearing that he must have nearly exhausted his remedies, kindly offered, one day, to replenish his medicine-chest; "I thank you," said he, "but," pointing to the chalk-cliffs between Newick and Lewes, "yonder, madam, is my medicine-chest!"

Enough to add that, visiting Paris, Sir ELIJAH was among the persons detained prisoners by NAPOLEON. He died in the year 1809, aged 77.

HISTORY.

Florentine History, from the Earliest Authentic Records to the Accession of Ferdinand the Third, Grand Duke of Tuscany. By HENRY EDWARD NAPIER, R.N. Vol. I. MOXON. 1846.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

WE resume our notice of the first volume of this very valuable work. The reader will be pleased with

THE STORMING OF SEMIFONTE.

The battle now began in earnest, for Pigli seizing the occasion turned it into a real attack, and pressed forward with renewed hope, and all the advantage of early preparation. Valentre Bernardi had succeeded the traitor Ricevuto in the Lion Tower, near which a compact body of Florentine infantry, carrying "*pavesi*," or great bucklers, locked together above their heads like a tiled roof, had steadily advanced, and under this shelter nearly worked their way through the solid masonry, in despite of all opposition; when at the very moment they thought the entrance practicable, fresh showers of arrows fell from the citadel, while those within plied their spears so sharply at the breach that the Florentine work was slow and full dearly purchased. Every thing being commanded by the "*Cassero*," deadly aim was securely taken from its height, and as the weakest points of defence were retrenched and palisaded, the enemy had much to surmount besides the ramparts; the struggle became fierce and the slaughter great on this side of the town, while at the Porta al Bagnano and the postern of San Nicholas the Alberti, with some Florentine nobles and Vavasours, led on the storm with equal gallantry, for Count Albert had an ancient debt to pay, and the besieged expected it. By this time every Florentine column had come up; and spread themselves along the whole line of walls; they were met by equal valour, and a long bright band of clashing weapons encircled the ramparts. The citadel was selected by Pigli for his own; it was a brave choice and valiantly sustained; for with the boldest of his followers he proved the value of both head and hand in that bloody encounter: here, too, Aldobrandino Cavalcante surpassed all others in prowess, and many another hardy knight displayed his force and spirit, but all in vain, for Daniel of Janicone whirled such a storm of missiles from the keep, and with so sure and deadly a flight, that nothing could stand under it and live; and had not the assailants made good their ground elsewhere, Pigli, as he afterwards acknowledged, would have been compelled to retreat and desist from the enterprise. Meanwhile the storm raged in every quarter; shouts, groans, the crash of ladders, and the fall of steel-clad men echoed through the streets of Semifonte; the besieged were thinned, faint, and exhausted, and could no longer defend the weary circuit of their lines: the enemy kept bringing up fresh forces every moment with louder shouts and more stirring cheers, until the failing strength of the garrison sank under their gallant efforts; yet, at this very moment, old men, women, and even children rushed desperately to the fight, and flying parties hurried from post to post repulsing new assaults. At last the ramparts glittered with hostile lances, the enemy pushed bravely through the breach; some entered the gateway, already dashed to atoms; others hung from the battlements or strode the walls, aiding their comrades; or dropped, arms and all, into the devoted town; terror spread wildly and universally; the people disperse; they fly to the

towers and temples; women and children cling trembling to the altars, or clasp the sacred cross, or fling themselves shuddering on the pavement; the clergy issue forth with the holy symbols of their faith, and, trusting in the God of all, implore the compassion of their conquerors: sobs, screams, and wailings fill the air, and "Mercy! Mercy!" is wildly shrieked and wildly answered. Universal carnage was about to begin, when the consul was suddenly beheld standing among the prostrate multitude; the sight calmed him, humanity conquered; and stifling all anger, he allayed their terror by the promise of universal pardon. It was doing much to overcome passion in the heat of battle, more to control a fierce exasperated soldiery in the moment of victory; and both of them are honourable to the general, the military discipline, and the manners of an age which we are perhaps too ready to believe was exclusively barbarous. The soldiers of these early times were, however, all natives, all citizens; they were unpaid men and half-paid militia; and all knew the sweets of home and family affections: as yet war was not a trade in Italy, and every man fought, with passion—yes; but still on principle, and with a natural feeling for his country. Such men were more easily managed than the mercenary gladiator of after times.

A singular story is worth extracting. Florence and Pisa on one occasion went to loggerheads about a lap-dog. In all history there is not recorded such

A CASUS BELLI.

It happened that a certain Roman cardinal invited the Florentine ambassadors to his house, where one of them, struck with the beauty of a little dog belonging to their host, begged it as a present; next day the Pisan embassy was feasted, and the dog, already promised to the Florentine, attracted equal admiration; a similar request followed, and the cardinal, forgetting his previous engagement, answered it as graciously. Scarcely had the guests departed, when the animal was sent for by the Florentine ambassador; then came the Pisan messenger, but all too late; the two dignitaries met, restitution of the dog was immediately demanded and as decidedly refused: sharp altercation ensued, swords were soon drawn, and an affray succeeded in which the Pisans overcame by their superior numbers. The manners of the age, however, did not admit of such a termination, both Florentine factions united against the Pisans, and even volunteers from the capital came to the aid of the former; the affair had now become serious, almost national, and the Florentines took ample revenge. The Pisan ambassadors complained to their government, and their haughty countrymen, trusting to great naval power, and consequent influence on the trade of Florence, seized all the merchandise of that state which was within their grasp, and refused any satisfaction, while the latter carried its forbearance to a point of humiliation that proves the great importance of its commercial relations with Pisa. The Florentines offered to take an equal number of bales of tow, or any other rubbish, however vile, in lieu of the goods, and afterwards indemnify their own merchants, so that some shadow of satisfaction might be exhibited to the world for the sake of national reputation; adding, that if this also failed their ancient friendship must cease, and war be the only alternative. "If the Florentines march, we will endeavour to meet them half way" was the contemptuous answer of Pisa. War was therefore declared, and in July the armies met at Castel del Bosco in the Pisan territory, Florence being probably assisted by Lucca, as the Lucchese historians assert; for it may be doubted whether the former at that early period could have ventured alone to war with so powerful an adversary. A long and bloody battle, ending in the total defeat of Pisa, satisfied the honour and soothed the pride of Florence, while thirteen hundred prisoners, including the greater part of the Pisan nobility, convinced the people that this victory was a palpable instance of divine retribution for the arrogance and injustice of their adversaries.

We conclude with the account given by Captain NAPIER of the origin of the feud between

THE GUELPHS AND THE GIBELINES.

In the year 1215, according to an ancient manuscript published from the Buondelmonti library, Messer Mazzingo Te-

grini de' Mazzinghi invited many Florentines of high rank to dine at his villa near Campi, about six miles from the capital: while still at table the family jester snatched a trencher of meat from Messer Uberto degli Infangati, who, nettled at this impertinence, expressed his displeasure in terms so offensive that Messer Oddo Arrighi de' Fifanti as sharply and unceremoniously rebuked him: upon this Uberto gave him the lie, and Oddo in return dashed a trencher of meat in his face. Everything was immediately in confusion; weapons were soon out; and while the guests started up in disorder, young Buondelmonte de' Buondelmonti, the friend and companion of Uberto, severely wounded Oddo Arrighi. The party then separated, and Oddo called a meeting of his friends to consider the offence: amongst them were the Counts Gangalandi, the Uberti, Amidei, and Lamberti, who unanimously decided that the quarrel should be quietly settled by a marriage between Buondelmonte and Oddo's niece, the daughter of Messer Lambertuccio di Capo di Ponte, of the Amidei family. This proposition appears to have been unhesitatingly accepted by the offender's family, as a day was immediately nominated for the ceremony of plighting his troth to the destined bride. During the interim Madonna Aldruda or Gualdrada, wife of Forese de' Donati, sent privately for young Buondelmonte and thus addressed him:—"Unworthy Knight!—What!—Hast thou accepted a wife through fear of the Fifanti and Uberti? Leave her that thou hast taken, choose this damsel in her place, and be henceforth a brave and honoured gentleman." In so saying she threw open the chamber door and exposed her daughter to his view: the unexpected apparition of so much beauty as it were soliciting his love, had its usual consequence; Buondelmonte's better reason was overcome, yet he had resolution to answer, "Alas! it is now too late!" "No," replied Aldruda; "thou canst even yet have her; dare but to take the step and let the consequences rest on my head." "I do dare," returned the fascinated youth, and stepping forward again plighted a faith no longer his to give. Early on the 10th of February, the very day appointed for his original nuptials, Buondelmonte passed by the Porta Santa Maria amidst all the kinsfolk of his first betrothed, who had assembled near the dwellings of the Amidei to assist at the expected marriage, yet not without certain misgivings of his faithlessness. With a haughty demeanour he rode forward through them all, bearing the marriage ring to the lady of his choice, and leaving her of the Amidei with the shame of an aggravated insult by choosing the same moment for a violation of one contract and the consummation of a second; for in those days, and for centuries after, the old Roman custom of presenting a ring long before the marriage ceremony took place was still in use. Such insults were then impatiently borne; Oddo Arrighi assembled his kindred in the no longer existing church of "Santa Maria sopra Porta" to settle the mode of resenting this affront, and the moody aspect of each individual marked the character of the meeting and all the vindictive feelings of an injured family: there were, however, some of a more temperate spirit that suggested personal chastisement, or at most the gashing of Buondelmonte's face as the most reasonable and effectual retribution. The assembly paused, but Mosca de' Lamberti, starting suddenly forward, exclaimed, "Beat or wound him as ye list, but first prepare your own graves, for wounds bring equal consequences with death."—"No. Mete him out his deserts and let him pay the penalty; but no delay. Up and be doing. Cominciamo a fare, ché poi, cosa fatto capo ha." This turned the scale, and Buondelmonte was doomed, but according to the manners of that age; not in the field, which would have been hazardous, but by the sure, though inglorious, means of noonday murder: wherefore, at the very place where the insult was offered, beneath the battlements of the Amidei, nay, under the casement of the deserted maiden, and in his way to a happy and expecting bride, vengeance was prepared by these fierce barons for the perjurer. On Easter morning, 1215, the murderers concealed themselves within the courts and towers of the Amidei which the young and heedless bridegroom was sure to pass, and he was soon after seen at a distance carelessly riding alone across the Ponte Vecchio on a milk-white palfrey, attired in a vest of fine woollen cloth, a white mantle thrown across his shoulders, and the wedding garland on his head. The bridge was passed in thoughtless gaiety, but scarcely had he reached the time-worn image of the Roman Mars, the last

relic of heathen worship then extant, when the mace of Schiatio degli Uberti felled him to the ground; and at the base of this grim idol the daggers of Oddo and his furious kinsmen finished the savage deed. They met him gay and adorned for the altar and left him with the bridal wreath still dangling from his brow, a bloody and ill-omened sacrifice. The tidings of this murder spread rapidly, and disordered the whole community of Florence. The people became more and more excited because both law and custom had awarded due penalties for faithless men, and death was an unheard of punishment. Buondelmonte's corse was placed on a bier with its head resting in the lap of his affianced bride, the young and beautiful Donati, who hung like a lily over the palid features of her husband; and thus united were they borne through the streets of Florence. It was the gloomy dawning of a tempestuous day, for in that bloody moment was unchained the demon of Florentine discord; the names of Guelph and Ghibeline were then for the first time assumed by noble and commoner as the cry of faction; and long after the original cause of enmity had ceased they continued to steep all Italy in blood.

After such extracts it is unnecessary to say that we shall look with interest for the future volumes of this very valuable addition to the historical library.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Travels in Lycia, Milyas, and the Cibyratis, in company with the late Rev. E. T. Daniell. By Lieut. T. A. B. SPRATT, R.N., F.R.S. and Prof. ED. FORBES, F.R.S. &c. In 2 vols. London, 1846. Van Voorst.

In the year 1842 H.M.'s ship *Beacon* was despatched to the coast of Lycia for the antiquities which the labours of Sir CHARLES FELLOWS had discovered at Xanthus, and which are now safely deposited in the British Museum. Professor E. FORBES was attached to the expedition as naturalist; the Rev. E. T. DANIELL volunteered his services as an amateur; and Lieut. SPRATT joined as assistant surveyor. They resolved to proceed systematically with their researches into the physical character and past history of the land whither they were bound; accordingly each devoted himself to the particular pursuit in which he was peculiarly skilled; the antiquities were committed to the Rev. E. T. DANIELL; Professor FORBES undertook the natural history; and Lieut. SPRATT the geography. Unfortunately Mr. DANIELL died in the midst of his labours of a fever caught in the marshes, where he was diligently pursuing his researches, but not until he had collected a great deal of valuable material, which his colleagues have preserved, and by redoubled toil succeeded in supplying much that he had left incomplete. The result of their joint investigations into the geography and antiquities of Lycia is at length given to the public in the valuable volumes whose title-page is extracted above; and it is seldom indeed that the reviewer is called upon to notice a book of travels so full of learning, so minutely accurate, so carefully written, so abounding in every sort of information, so *substantial*, in short, as this. It contrasts remarkably with the flimsy small talk of which the greater portion of contemporary "travels" consist—and, consequently, dying with the novels of the season, instead of taking a place upon the book-shelf as a permanent addition to the stores of human knowledge, which these volumes may undoubtedly claim to be.

Travels of all kinds are not subjects for criticism. The literary journalist cannot say much about them; he can only let them say as much as possible for themselves. The reader must form his own judgment from the extracts whether he will seek a further acquaintance with the pages of which the specimens are before him. Even standard books of travel such as these cannot be treated otherwise. Dissertations on any points of antiquarianism started by the travellers would be ex-

tremely dull to the reader, however they might make a show of learning in the reviewer. Within the narrow limits of half-a-dozen columns it is impossible to treat them profitably, and the space wasted in worthless commentary may much more agreeably be devoted to pleasing or instructive extract. Believing it to be the mission of the weekly literary journalist to give to his readers only a fair account of the contents of books, and not essays on their subjects, we shall without further apology or preface proceed to exhibit by extract the character of these joint Travels in Lycia.

This is their account of

THE ROCK TOMBS OF MYRA.

We devote to-day to the examination of the ruins, and repair, after breakfasting, to the group of rock-tombs a few yards south of the theatre, where the face of the bold hill rising above it is studded with carved sepulchres wherever the rock is of good texture. All of them are elaborately chiselled. Several have angular pediments, bearing groups of figures in low relief, and one or two are detached except at their bases, in imitation of built habitations. The greater number are of that striking and elegant form peculiar to Lycia, having square mullions and empanelled fronts, ornamented with flat projecting ledges, carved beneath in elegant imitation of rafters of wood supporting a roof. The whole presents the most unique and picturesque assemblage of rock-tombs in Lycia, and they have been considered as a group superior to any in Petra, by a traveller who has seen both localities. We separated, as usual, to examine the inscriptions, and, after collating the two or three copied by Sir C. Fellows, we were so fortunate as to find several others, both Greek and Lycian, that had never before been copied. More interesting than a hundred funeral inscriptions was one scratched or notched in the wall of the ante-chamber of a rock-tomb, by some Greek lover of old. It proclaimed his passion, "Moschus loves Philiste, the daughter of Demetrius." From these rock-tombs we literally stepped into the theatre, which is overlooked and joined by some of them,—a strange and unnatural union, the playhouse married to the grave—the playgoer resting against the house of death, whilst gazing on the most vivid of the recreations of life. The entrance to the theatre from below is by an arch supporting the seats at its southern extremity, and leading through a labyrinth of vomitories, passages, and stone staircases to the *diözoma*. This enormous fabric has almost all its rows of seats perfect. Its diameter, according to Mr. Cockrell, who first discovered it, is three hundred and sixty feet. The arena is now a corn-field. A large portion of the *proscenium* is still standing. It appears to have been a highly-finished building, the wings ornamented with polished granite columns surmounted by Corinthian capitals of white marble, one of which is still in its place.

These are

THE RUINS OF BALBURA.

The approach to this part of the city was by an avenue bordered by tombs. These are sarcophagi, having lids, on which large and coarsely executed figures of lions in a crouching attitude are sculptured. Such figures are seen on the majority of the tombs in this part of the Cibyratis; besides the lion, ornaments resembling rosettes, wreaths, ram's heads, and the shield and sword, are sculptured on many of them. There are two theatres: one is placed on the south side of the acropolis hill, so as to command a fine prospect; its diameter is one hundred and two feet. The rows of seat are sixteen, and are curiously interrupted in the centre by a great mass of solid rock, remaining in its natural ruggedness. At first sight it appeared as if this theatre had never been completed; but a closer examination shewed that the terminations of the seats were closely and carefully adapted to the irregularities of the projecting rock, and that its centre is hollowed out as if for a chair or throne. The effect of this strange and unique arrangement is highly picturesque. In front of the theatre, occupying the place of a *proscenium*, is a platform of the same level, and faced by a high wall of polygonal masonry, strengthened by buttresses; a fine specimen of its kind, and in beautiful preservation. The other theatre is equally remarkable; it is placed in a hollow in the front of the mountain, on the south side of the stream. The arena, which is one hun-

dred and fifty feet in diameter, massive and vaulted, is the only part built. The hollow in the mountain side formed the cavea, and the projecting ledges of rocks, the more prominent of which are hewn into rude seats, served to support the spectators. It was probably a place of exhibition for combats of animals; in front of it is a perennial source of water, rising in a small circular basin, and rendering the neighbouring stream independent of the supplies brought by the mountain torrents, which become exhausted during the dry season.

A very interesting account is given of

TERMESSES.

Early in the morning we commenced the ascent of the mountain, to seek for the ruined city. The first part was over steep and rocky ground, but after a time, we came upon an ancient roadway, leading towards an opening in the mountain-side between two towering rocky peaks. Following this road, which was buried in trees, and encumbered by underwood, for an hour and a half, we suddenly came upon two ancient guardhouses, almost perfect, one on either side of the way. We did not linger to trace any connecting wall, but hurried anxiously on with sanguine expectations. For nearly a mile we met with no other traces of ruins. Some sarcophagi were at length discovered among the thicket, and near them, on the face of a great rock, were carved in large letters the words

ΠΑΛΑΤΟΝΙΚΟΣ
ΦΙΛΟΣΟΦΟΣ.

Suddenly, after crossing a low wall, we emerged from the thicket and entered an open and flat area between the two great rocks, and walled in by inaccessible precipices. On it ruins were profusely scattered; numerous built tombs and sarcophagi, fallen buildings of a large size, and a temple, the ornamented doorway of which still stood, fronted by a goodly flight of steps. Fluted columns of large dimensions lay strewn in fragments on the ground. Unwilling to delay until we had ascertained the full extent of the city, after a hasty glance we proceeded to the upper end of the platform. Here the valley became more contracted, and a strong and perfect wall was thrown across it. Within this, ruins of nobler style and more perfect preservation appeared—especially a palatial building of great extent, having numerous doors and windows, and almost perfect to the roof. Like the others, it was constructed of rectangular blocks of limestone, without intervening cement; before us, on what appeared to be the mountain-top, a third wall appeared, to which we ascended, expecting to find the acropolis. Hitherto we had met with no mention of the city in any of the inscriptions; but on ascending to the last-mentioned wall we came upon an inscribed pedestal, which assured us we were in Termessus—a name shouted out by the finders with no small delight, and echoed by the old rocks as if in confirmation. It must have been new to them after having rested so long unspoken. On reaching the third wall, our surprise was great on finding that hitherto we had been wandering, as it were, only in the vestibule of the city, and that Termessus itself was yet to come, built on the mountain-top even as Arrian has recorded. It stood on a platform surrounded by a natural wall of crags, three to four hundred feet high, except on the east, where it terminated in a tremendous precipice, diving into a deep gorge, opening into the Pamphylian plain.

At Deliktash they discovered

THE PERPETUAL FIRE.

Not far from the Deliktash, on the side of a mountain, Captain Beaufort discovered the yanar or perpetual fire, famous as the Chimæra of many ancient authors. We found it as brilliant as when he visited it, and also somewhat increased; for besides the large flame in the corner of the ruins described by him, there were small jets issuing from crevices in the sides of a crater-like cavity, five or six feet deep. At the bottom of this was a shallow puddle of sulphureous and turbid water, regarded by the Turks as a sovereign remedy for all skin diseases. We met here two old Turks attended by two black slaves, who had come from a distance to procure some of the soot deposited from the flames, valued as efficacious in the cure of sore eyelids, and also as a dye for the eyebrows. They had been enjoying themselves by this ancient fireside for two

days, cooking their meals and boiling their coffee on the flames of Chimæra. A number of hewn blocks of stone built into more modern walls, and lying around, may be remains of the temple of Vulcan, which anciently stood here. On one of them was an inscription, which we copied.

From Mr. DANIELL'S last letter we extract his very interesting account of his

RESEARCHES IN BOZ-BOROOM.

The direction of Boz-boroom, the great mountain behind which I was informed that Serhge lay, seemed to indicate to me that this must be the place from which we should start; and I found that I was right. We could find no guide, but our course was pointed out to us by a man who had come from Serhge the day before, between a gorge of the nearer mountains, which it did not seem difficult to track, and which the older guide found, when he got to the top, was the very road he himself had gone nineteen years before. He knew his route by a source at which we had just arrived, and from which a large quantity of water gushed at once, and this he told me was called Karamouhari; it was in a very romantic pass in the mountains, and very high up. We went on about an hour, and came to an Urook encampment, near which we halted for the night under a tree. This was in a more open plain than Karamouhari, and was called Akmouhari. The next morning we proceeded early on our way, and after about an hour and a half reached the top of the pass, from whence there was a splendid view to the north-west, looking all over the mountains; among which, I presume, were Sagalassus and Fellows' Selge. Here we had to descend a little, and rise again to another series of huts, called Karagatch, where we halted for several hours, in order to induce a very old man, who would not start in the middle of the day, to accompany us to Serhge. Among these mountaineers, who had never seen a Frank before, we learnt that there were *chok* ruins at Serhge. In consequence of our delay, we did not reach them that night, but proceeded to the very summit of the pass of the great ridge of Boz-boroom, which lay immediately to the north of us; the waters which we had left passing towards the Cestrus, *i. e.* on the western side of the ridge, and the waters to which we were coming, running to the Eurymedon on the east; which latter noble river soon after became distinctly visible, running in a south-easterly direction, through a magnificent valley between the first great range of mountains from Adalia, and that extremely distant square ridgy range which you may have remembered seeing at the far eastern end of the plain of Adalia. I had now this great square ridge directly opposite me, due compass-east, gradually opening more and more to us. At length we turned suddenly to the left, over the top of the slope, and bivouacked for the night, it being nearly dark. Finding myself so completely between the upper waters of the Cestrus and the Eurymedon greatly raised my hopes; but nothing was certain; for I found that evening to my annoyance, looking into Arundel and other books, that there are several Serhges scattered over Asia Minor. In the morning I asked the old man in what direction the ruins lay; he pointed to the next slope from Boz-boroom, but it was so nearly in the sun's eye that I could scarce see any thing. We descended into the valley which lay between us, passed the bed of a torrent separating the two slopes, and to my great surprise, within half an hour came to some vestiges, which increased at every step, till I found myself among a host of remains, which the man told me was Serhge itself. For the moment I was disappointed, supposing I had seen the whole; but in a minute or two, getting over the top of the slope on the southern side of which these vestiges were scattered, I came suddenly in view of a theatre magnificently situated, a stadium, a row of Ionic columns standing, and a square below, which must have been the Agora, though now a corn-field. Standing myself upon a large square platform of ancient pavement, with a beautiful foreground of a very perfect colonnade and other ruins running down the hill towards one end of the stadium, at the other end of which, at a most beautiful angle, stood the theatre; and when I turned to the left, and saw another face of old Boz-boroom—the eastern—I think in all my life I never saw such a mountain view, so utterly different from any thing I had seen elsewhere. The entire of those two huge slopes over which I had last passed, as far as my route lay, is composed of a very coarse conglom-

merate, which has been worn away into a succession of circular snail-shaped hillocks; and round and round these hillocks, in succession, there stand out little upright blocks of conglomerate; so that, looking up the side of this great mountain, if I had attempted to draw all the gradations of the layers of blocks and snails, it would have taken me two or three days to have made the outline. From this great slope of horizontal parallel lines rose perpendicularly the limestone peak of Boz-boroom, and between every snail there seemed to be level plots of alluvial soil the whole way up. At least, such was the character of the country in my immediate neighbourhood. As far as I could see up the mountain, and certainly all round Serhge itself, all these flat surfaces of alluvium were of the most fertile character; though I found, a day or two after, that I was at an elevation where old Siddle's thermometer boiled at 204 degrees. Some of the wildest-looking mountaineers I ever saw were collected under a walnut-tree, in a field adjoining the one which I presume was the Agora, and had hailed the muleteers to go down. When I went, I found them bivouacked under a neighbouring walnut-tree; and, as I went, I need not tell you that the extraordinary fertility into which I had come in this very elevated region immensely raised my hopes, for the harvest was all in and being thrashed on the 22nd of July—the stadium through which I passed being a corn-field as well as that in which I bivouacked. I was wonderfully well received by these mountaineers, who had never seen but one Frank before, and him a few months ago only for a night. "He was a man with a beard," they said, "who did nothing but pick up stones, throw some down again, and put others into his pocket." It was quite clear who my friend was. I measured the theatre: it was three hundred and ninety feet wide. I then thought it as well to go and begin a sketch of the first view that struck me; but from the extremely intricate character of my abominable snails, with their layers of conglomerated blocks, from the difficult perspective of the theatre from the spot where I saw it, as well as the indescribable beauty of the range of mountains running to the north-east, which bounded the sketch, I did not finish my outline till nearly four o'clock. I sent the old man home with the umbrella and traps, and started myself in search of tombs and inscriptions. Strange to say, I, that afternoon, could find but one tomb, and that a built sarcophagus: there had been an inscription at the end, but, either from the badness of the limestone, or its elevated position, scarcely a letter could be made out; and this I afterwards found to be the case in every instance where inscriptions occur in Serhge. Having failed at this tomb, I walked in the direction of a Turkish burial-ground, in hopes of better success; but I will say at once, that nothing was to be made out of any of the few tombs which I found, on this or the three succeeding days. The last day I found a longer inscription; but it had shared, with time, the same fate as the rest. The following morning, before it was time to begin to colour, I began measuring and planning. At ten o'clock I went to my colouring, and at three or four recommenced my exploring; and so passed all four days. On the third day I made a sketch, looking back upon the height from where I had made my first, with standing Ionic columns for the foreground; and on my fourth day I determined to attempt the glories of Boz-boroom; but I had scarcely begun to colour when the whole effect was changed by a thunder-storm and huge rolling clouds, not concealing the mountain, but by their shadows so completely changing the effect, that, perhaps, I have made a rather more dashing sketch than I otherwise should have done, though I have not brought away the true characteristic of the mountain. The rain reached me at two o'clock, just as I was about to complete my foreground, but I can manage to make something of it. When the rain was over, I proceeded with my usual evening's occupation, and so ended my four days at Serhge.

The contributions of Professor FORBES to natural history are extremely amusing. Of these we extract a few that will be welcome to the reader:

LEECH HUNTING AT XANTHUS.

Near Xanthus the leeches are gathered all the year round; but in the highlands only in summer. To collect them, people go into the water, wading about with their legs and thighs bare, so that the leeches may stick to their skin. They then scrape them off, and put them into a bag. The leech mer-

chants carry them away in linen bags, which they soak in every stream or pool they come to. Each carries many of these bags suspended in a basket, and kept apart by twigs. Every day such of the leeches as may have died are separated from the living and thrown away. Smyrna is their usual destination, whence they are forwarded to the ports of France and Italy. The leeches are farmed by the Agas, but there is a profitable contraband trade driven. They are sold by the gatherers for about 120 piastres the oke; which, even though a great many die, give a large profit to the merchant. Sometimes, however, all die. There is a leech bazaar held at Caisabar.

He lavishes much classical lore upon his account of

THE CUTTLE-FISH.

The traveller who, when treading the shores of the coasts and islands of the Aegean, observes, as he can scarcely fail to do, the innumerable remains of the hard parts of cuttle-fishes piled literally in heaps along the sands; or, when watching the Greek fishermen draw their nets, marks the number of these creatures mixed up with the abundance of true fishes taken and equally prized as articles of food by the captors, can at once understand why the naturalists of ancient Greece should have treated so fully of the history of the Cephalopoda, and its poets have made allusions to them as familiar objects. In an English drama such allusions would be out of place and misunderstood. To a Greek audience the mention of a cuttle-fish was as the mention of a herring among ourselves. The mob above the diazoma would appreciate the former, as the gods in our galleries would recognise the latter, as part and parcel of their household furniture. One of the most striking spectacles at night on the shores of the Aegean is to see the numerous torches glancing along the shores, and reflected by the still and clear sea, borne by poor fishermen, paddling as silently as possible over the rocky shallows in search of the cuttle-fish, which when seen lying beneath the waters in wait for his prey, they dexterously spear, ere the creature has time to dart with the rapidity of an arrow from the weapon about to transfix his soft but firm body. As in ancient times, these mollusks constitute now a valuable part of the food of the poor, by whom they are chiefly used. The imprecation of the chorus, who calling down upon their victim the extremity of ill-fortune, desired that he might be reduced to a single cuttle-fish, and that a dog might come and snatch this last poor morsel from him,* would be as well appreciated in a modern Greek coffee-house, where curses deep and lengthy are now liberally bestowed by enraged gamblers on their successful opponents, as among the original admirers of Aristophanes. The Romans, if we may judge from the culinary receipts of Apicius, regarded a cooked cuttle-fish with more respect. We can ourselves bear testimony to its excellence. When well beaten, to render the flesh tender, before being dressed, and then cut up into morsels and served in a savoury brown stew, it makes a dish by no means to be despised, excellent in both substance and flavour. A modern Lycian dinner, in which stewed cuttle-fish formed the first, and roast porcupine the second course, would scarcely fail to be relished by an unprejudiced epicure in search of novelty.

He tells us, moreover,

HOW TO CATCH LIZARDS.

We found a long-thonged whip a very good instrument for catching geckos and other lizards. A good aim, and sudden switch across their necks brought them to the ground stunned, yet unharmed, and in excellent condition for specimens. Catching lizards with the hand or net too often detaches the tail, and lets the proprietor escape, unless he remain to gape with astonishment at the gymnastic performances of his severed and independent caudal termination.

And, also,

HOW THE TORTOISE WOOS.

In April they commence love-making. Before we were aware of the cause, we were often surprised, when wandering among ruins and waste places, at hearing a noise, as if some invisible geologist was busily occupied close by trimming his specimens. A search in the direction of the noise discovered

* In the Acharnenses of Aristophanes.

the hammer in the shape of a gentleman tortoise, who, not being gifted with vocal powers, endeavoured to express the warmth of his affection to his lady-love, by rattling his shell against her side.

We conclude with the graphic account of their visit to one of the ruined cities, discovered by Sir CHARLES FELLOWS:—

TLOS.

We remained three days at Tlos. It is a most delightful place. Few ancient sites can vie with it. Built on the summit of a hill of great height, bounded by perpendicular precipices and deep ravines, commanding a view of the entire length of the valley of the Xanthus—the snow-capped Taurus in one distance, the sea in another, the whole mass of Cragus and its towering peaks, and the citadel of Pinara in front, itself immediately overhung by the snowy summits of the Massieytus—a grander site for a great city could scarcely have been selected in all Lycia. Pinara has, perhaps, more majesty; but there is a softness combined with the grandeur of Tlos, giving it a charm which Pinara has not. The acropolis hill terminates on the north-east in perpendicular cliffs. These cliffs are honey-combed with rock-tombs; some of which are of great beauty. The older tombs are similar to those at Telmessus; but there are others, of an apparently later period, having their chambers excavated in the rock, but with their doorways regularly built. Such tombs have often long Greek inscriptions. The oldest tomb, to all appearance, at Tlos, is the largest and most interesting. It is a temple-tomb, fronted by a pediment, borne on columns of peculiar form and Egyptian aspect, having no carved capitals, and being wider at the base than at the upper part. From such columns the Ionic might have originated, for we can hardly suppose this, apparently the most ancient and important tomb in Tlos, to have been left unfinished. Within the portico is a handsome carved door, or rather imitation door, with knocker and lock, on each side of which are windows opening into large tombs. On one side of the portico is carved a figure, which we may recognise as Bellerophon, mounted on Pegasus, and galloping up a rocky hill, which may represent Mount Cragus, to encounter an enormous leopard, sculptured over one of the tomb entrances on the right side of the door. This animal may be a form of Chimera, but presents none of the mythological attributes, and is, in all probability, the representation of a "Caplan," the leopard which infests the crags of Cragus at the present day. An ornamental flourish appears on the door side near the leopard, and is repeated on the corresponding panel on the other side; but there is no animal carved on that panel. On the panels beneath the tomb are carved dogs, and there are also traces of others on the pediment. Pegasus is a Persian horse, having a topknot and a knotted tail. A saddle-cloth of ornamental character has been painted on his back. The group of figures appears to have been originally painted. The head-dress of Bellerophon is very peculiar, as also the arrangement of the beard. The eye is rather full and Greek. There is no inscription on the tomb. A few feet from it, on a level with the pediment, is a Lycian inscription in a panel on the rock, the characters of which are much larger than any we have met with elsewhere. Two other Lycian inscriptions occurred at Tlos; one on a tomb on the opposite hill, and another on one near the base of the acropolis hill. None of these had been previously noticed. In a field at some distance we discovered a quadrangular pedestal, or perhaps top of a tomb, on one side of which is a representation of Tlos itself during a siege. In this curious view, we recognised the disposition of the walls on the acropolis, and of the more remarkable tombs, as they are still to be seen. In the other compartments are represented warriors in various positions. Near this relic there is a remarkable tomb, a sarcophagus, elevated on a towering pinnacle of rock, cut away on all sides, so as to be inaccessible. From this we went to the theatre, which is large and handsome, and of the Greek form. The rows of seats are thirty-four, and near the avenues, they are ornamented with carved lion's paws. Near the theatre, is a great group of remains of Roman buildings, apparently palaces, the arched windows of which are so placed as to command a magnificent view of the valley. Great clusters of ivy gave a rich effect to these ruins, and the golden hennbane was in flower upon their walls.

Five Years' Experience in Australia Felix, comprising a Short Account of its Early Settlement and its Recent Position, with many Particulars interesting to intending Emigrants. By G. H. HAYDON. 1846.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

The following passages from this interesting work were in type, but omitted last week for want of room. The following is his account of

THE NATIVES OF AUSTRALIA FELIX.

One of the customs prevalent amongst all the tribes of the province is to destroy a number of enemies for every death which occurs amongst their own members. In 1843, the doctor, a great man in the Woeworong tribe, died; and his relatives and friends, after going through certain ceremonies, set off, to the number of twenty-five armed men, for Gipp's Land to revenge his death. Many of these warriors had with them double-barrel guns and rifles, and there remained no doubt of their intentions. Now these men were under the protection of W. Thomas, esq. perhaps the most efficient officer of the whole department. News was taken to him at his station of Nerree Nerree Warren, of the intentions of the blacks, and he arrived at Westernport shortly afterwards, in time to find his sable friends returning from the slaughter of nine men belonging to the Berber and Tandil tribes. He would not let it be considered that he believed the settlers' accounts of their having seen portions of human flesh in their possession. It would not have been his interest to do so, and so the affair was not further inquired into; but one of the head men of the expedition informed me of the whole matter, and shewed me some fat which he had extracted from the belly of a man killed there by his own hand. He gave me several revolting particulars of the massacre, and described the several actions of these people whilst they were being slaughtered, which left but a poor impression on my mind of the humanising effect of the particular description of Christianity they have been instructed in. I was greatly interested in one of my excursions with one of the blacks who accompanied me, giving a description of a "yabber," or discourse his protector had treated him and his people with on the Sunday previous; his action all the time he was delivering it was most ludicrous, and a certain nasal twang shewed that very little had passed unnoticed by him. He proceeded to say that, after Mr. ——— had talked with the Great Father about something he did not know what, he commenced a sermon in the following words: "My black fellows are very good (this occurred shortly after the massacre mentioned above), the Goulburn and other tribes are not good, they have killed white men, and they will all be hanged; my black fellows can go to Melbourne and procure bread, tea, sugar, and tobacco of the white people, and not be afraid; they are very good;" and such stuff as this, I believe, the substance of all their moral instruction. As a natural consequence of an education of this description, their ideas of Christianity are false and ridiculous. On my shewing one of these children of nature an engraving of the infant Jesus, he declared "such a fellow was no good; he was weak and small, and could not protect them; no good little Jesus, very good the old man," meaning the Great Spirit; and the native who made this remark was one who had engaged the particular attention of his protector. I think I need say no more to shew the utter uselessness of this department as it exists at present in this province, or to induce those whose inclination would lead them to do good to all without regard to colour, to inquire further into this most important subject, and to render some real assistance to a class of people low, indeed, in the scale of humanity, but who are not found to be deficient in many of the virtues which adorn a more advanced period of civilisation.

Further on, he adds of them—

Their ideas of religion are very limited, and their belief of a future state is, that after death they will jump up white men. They believe in a "Great Father," and in an evil spirit, the latter of which they fear exceedingly. The blacks have some crude notions of a judicial government, as their punishments for certain offences testify; for if a man kill his wife, accidentally or otherwise, he is exposed to the tortures of spearing, with only a small shield to ward off the blows inflicted in rotation by each member of his tribe; if a person kill a dog, the owner of the animal is allowed to give him three blows on

the head with a waddy, at discretion either hard or soft; but should he kill the offender during the punishment, he would render himself amenable to the first-mentioned law. The men puncture themselves at a certain age, and raise large lumps of flesh as long and large as a man's finger; the women also tattoo themselves about the breast and arms. On particular occasions they paint and adorn their head with emu or cockatoo feathers. They have no instrument of music, the corrobbery songs being accompanied by the beating of two sticks together, and by the women thumping their opossum rugs. Their only dress consists of rugs made either from the opossum or kangaroo skin, a small bandage round the head, and a quantity of string made from opossum hair twisted, which is wound around the neck in a great number of folds. The women wear a belt of emu feathers to hide the person, and the men a wallaby skin cut into a number of narrow slips for the same purpose. The Goulburn, and some other tribes, knock out the front teeth on attaining to a certain age, but this is not a universal custom, for neither the Bournarongs or Woeworongs are found to do this. That the blacks are not deficient in cunning, the following anecdote will testify: In the early days of Melbourne, when labour was scarce, a settler on the Yarra, about four miles from town, desired a black who was camping near his hut, to procure a few of his friends, and to carry to his house in town a number of fowls, telling him he would give them a loaf each when they had done so. After looking out some time for their arrival, what was his surprise to see a great number of blacks march up to his door, each bearing a single fowl, but he was much more astonished when each demanded a loaf for fulfilling his share of the contract.

He confirms the statements of travellers, that the horrid practice prevails of

CANNIBALISM IN AUSTRALIA FELIX.

It was for some time a matter of doubt whether these people were cannibals; but in consequence of a number of facts which have come under my observation, I am sorry to say, no doubt remains but that they are so. On several occasions I have seen human flesh in their possession, and have been told by them without much scruple that they always make a point of eating certain portions of their enemies killed in battle or by treachery, under a feeling of revenge. When two tribes are about having a fair open fight, the head men of each challenge the others in nearly these words—"Let us fight, we are not afraid, my warriors will kill you all, and eat you up." The part of the human body valued by them most is the kidney fat, to which they attribute supernatural powers, and think it acts as a charm in many cases. When going hunting, they say some black fellows' fat rubbed over the soles of their feet will prevent the kangaroo and other game from hearing them walk in the bush; and there are scarcely any who have not some portion of it in their bags, which is kept as carefully out of the sight of strangers as possible. The disgusting and cruel act of cutting out the fat is very often performed when life is still lingering in the victims; several instances have occurred where they have been found alive several hours after having suffered from this horrid deed. It cannot be said that they are a warlike people, as nearly all their enemies are killed by treachery, and scarcely ever in fair and open fight. The usual plan of operation after they have determined on making war upon a tribe is as follows: scouts are sent out in the direction of the enemy's country, and as soon as marks of natives are discovered, the warriors all proceed stealthily along, examining every mark with the greatest attention; a blade of crushed grass, or a leaf, or a twig broken, is sufficient to point out to the experienced the direction in which to fall in with the foe. The tracks having been discovered, and the time at which they were made—for the native is able to judge by their appearance the period which has elapsed since the passing of the enemy and also of their number—all their future operations are guided by this. If several days have passed, they push on, still keeping on the trail, travelling in a line, and treading as much as possible in each other's footsteps. In this manner they proceed noiselessly on their road until the fresh tracks announce that they are approaching the enemy. Every care is now taken to prevent a knowledge of their proximity. No fires are lighted lest the smoke should attract attention, and scarcely a word is spoken but in a whisper. At length, after journeying a day or two, smoke is

observed, a halt is immediately made, and a council held. The position of the smoke is well defined, for towards evening, on the return of the blacks from hunting, it rises up in volumes, leaving no doubt of the spot whence it springs. As it gets darker a stealthy approach is made towards the camp until even the number of the fires can be determined. Weapons are now made ready; if guns or rifles are amongst the party, the priming is looked to and fresh caps fitted, but not a move is made until about an hour before daybreak, when the whole party of warriors crawl carefully along the ground on their bellies, in their motion very much resembling that of the snake, and endeavour as they approach to spread themselves, so as to encompass the whole camp. This done, they rest like the tiger in his lair until daylight points out to them the most advantageous mode of proceeding. Should one of them get up and look about him, it is a signal to commence the slaughter immediately; and each warrior, having previously selected his man, makes the attack, the confusion of fear seizes the camp, and an attempt is made by all to hide in the neighbouring woods, but every hollow stump and every tuft of grass is occupied by an enemy thirsting for blood and spreading death wherever he can. The contest generally occupies but a few minutes, and the unfortunate wounded, who are still perhaps alive, are assailed with blows and spears. Revenge, the prevailing passion, originating often in some imaginary offence never committed by the sufferers, now drinks her fill; the dead bodies are savagely lacerated, and the kidney fat torn out; large slices of flesh are cut from the legs, and every conceivable indignity offered to bodies so lately tabernacles of living souls. In an affray of this description few are spared; young and old, the very infant and its mother fall a common prey to the fiendish fury of the victors. Portions of their flesh are roasted and eaten on the spot, and the remainder of the mangled bodies are left as food for carrion crows, eagles, &c. Occasionally a few young women are taken and appropriated by the head warriors to themselves for wives; but if an attempt is made by them to escape, they are immediately slaughtered without mercy. This, I grieve to say, is a true picture of a black massacre, only rendered more deadly than formerly by the introduction of fire-arms among many tribes. Guns are bad enough in the hands of men who have been taught from their youth that mercy is the noblest feeling in the warrior, and who employ them under its influence; but where used by a savage, who glories more in the destruction of a foe than the preservation of a friend, they are deadly weapons indeed. On the return of such a party as I have described from one of these attacks to the remaining part of their tribe (the women, very old men, and young children never accompanying a war party), those of the number who for the first time have been in action, decked with garlands of gum-leaves, are led into the tribe and held up as noble examples to the youngsters, worthy of imitation. A great corrobbery is held, and then the injury on their part is supposed to be wiped out, and only awaits the death of one of their tribe for the same events as I have endeavoured to portray to occur again.

There is a favourite sport in Australia, which, though not so accounted, is really a dangerous one. As witness this account of

KANGAROO HUNTING.

Travelling one bright summer's day along the banks of a creek in Gipp's Land, which the scorching sun had left little more than a succession of water-holes, and pondering on the probable destinies of the country I was passing through, then a vast wilderness, my reveries were interrupted by loud cries for help mixed with coo-ees and curses. I was the more surprised to find the sounds suddenly cease, but only for a short time, when the lungs of the individual appeared to have gathered, from fear or some other unaccountable stimulus, additional strength, and on making for the spot whence the sounds seemed to proceed, I was somewhat startled when I saw standing in the midst of a water-hole, a huge old man kangaroo—a dog was lying on the brink torn in several places, and bleeding profusely. My first impulse was to fire my rifle at the kangaroo, but my attention was diverted by seeing a human head with the face scratched and bloody, thrust up from among some reeds which were growing around the margin of the water. The mystery of the shouting was now clear enough;

it was evident that the man and the kangaroo had been having a fight in the water-hole, the human combatant having come off the worst. I was happy to find my new acquaintance did not require aid further than to assist him out of the mire into which he had floundered in endeavouring to get out of the water. As soon as he was safely landed, and I had examined his wounds, which looked worse than they really were, he begged me to oblige him with my rifle to settle the "old man," by whom, he informed me, he had very nearly been drowned, when he had the good fortune to scramble in amongst the reeds; but as he was trembling very much, I thought the safest plan would be to do this part of the business myself; but on casting my eyes in the direction of the enemy, who had scarcely moved from the time of my appearance, I was so struck with the poor animal's helplessness, that more merciful feelings took possession of me, and so giving a loud shout, I had the satisfaction of seeing him emerge from the muddy bank and betake himself once more to his native wilds. This mode of proceeding did not meet the hunter's approval, at which I was not much surprised on account of the excited state he was in. He informed me he had left his station in the morning for the purpose of hunting kangaroos. He had soon discovered some, and his dogs ran for one some distance, but only his finest dog had returned to him. Proceeding with his sport, notwithstanding his diminished resources and having no fire-arms, he lighted on the "old man," who had afforded him such recreation, and immediately sent after him the only remaining dog. The animal did not run far, but stopped near the water-hole, keeping his canine pursuer at bay. The keen huntsman had done his part too, in attempting to knock down their mutual antagonist, when it suddenly left the dog and attacked the man, and at one bound threw itself and its human enemy into the water-hole together, when, said the hunter, he employed himself in pushing my head under-water every time I endeavoured to gasp for air or to scramble out. The dog had, it appears, attacked him in the water-hole, but to little purpose, being disabled by his wounds, and it was at this juncture that the hunter had succeeded in reaching the reeds; had the animal's attention not been drawn away from the man to the dog, most probably the result would have been fatal.

The wretched condition of the natives may be judged from the practice of

INFANTICIDE IN AUSTRALIA FELIX.

It is customary with some of the distant tribes when young children die to burn them. I have heard instances of native women destroying their female children with their own hands shortly after birth. I am at a loss to conceive why this is done, excepting from their inability to provide for the little creatures, which is often the case during a dearth of food for themselves and the consequent failure of nature's food for the child. Looking at it in this light, they consider it perhaps more merciful to destroy life at once than see it linger for a few weeks in a hopeless state of low starvation; for should the mother's milk fail, where are they to look for food fit for an infant? That their feelings for their children when grown up are most laudable, no one who has seen these people will deny; so that I imagine nothing but sheer necessity would induce them to destroy them in their infancy. I have noticed these poor enduring creatures, the native women (for they are here, as among all savage races, their husbands' slaves), toiling on a burning hot day through the bush, laden with a heterogeneous assemblage of pots, blankets, rugs, bags containing charms, &c. skins, baskets; and perhaps mounted on all these articles will be a child from three days to six years old; and this is not for a walk of an hour, but probably for the whole day. Should any of the dogs through weakness (and there are always a number accompanying a tribe) be unable to proceed, the unfortunate women are expected to carry them too; so that by the end of their journey, with the addition of these, and food such as opossums, gum, &c. which they may procure on the road, they have often a burden to carry which a strong man would scarcely endure for such a length of time without practice; but with all this they never desert their children; as soon as they are able to walk the mothers endeavour to induce them to look out for their own food, and instruct them in the art and mystery of cutting out grubs from the trees, the proper roots fit for food, and never think of

leaving them for any length of time until well able to provide for themselves.

FICTION.

The Abbotsford Edition of the Waterley Novels.

Part CXX. Caddell.

AT length this costly enterprise is brought to a conclusion. We have seen only the last two parts, and these but make us regret that we were not earlier introduced, and therefore earlier enabled to introduce our readers to their attractions. As it is, we can say only that the present part contains the conclusion of "Castle Dangerous," two tales contributed by Sir WALTER SCOTT to the "Keepsake," the Notes to the novels, and a copious Index and Glossary. It is richly embellished with engravings; and if this be a fair specimen of the whole, we can well imagine what must be the beauty and value of the complete work. Why should it not be re-issued, in weekly numbers, at a less price? It would be sure to command a remunerative sale.

EDUCATION.

The Aeneid of Virgil, with English Notes, Critical and Explanatory, &c. By CHARLES ANTHON, LL.D. Edited, with Additions, &c. by the Rev. W. TROLLOPE, M.A. London, 1847. Tegg and Co.

THE antiquated absurdity of teaching the first steps to a language in the language to be taught, and of explaining the difficulties in a Latin text by notes in Latin, has been, we are pleased to see, banished from this excellent edition of the *Aeneid*. Here the text is illustrated with elaborate notes in plain English, some etymological, some historical, some critical, but all tending to introduce the student to an intimate acquaintance with the poet, and to make an intellectual pleasure of labours which, under the old plan, were a mere mechanical drudgery in tumbling over the leaves of a dictionary. We have no hesitation in pronouncing this the best edition of VIRGIL, not for the learner only, but for the library, which has yet fallen under the notice of THE CRITIC.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The Eclectic Review, for November.—Although the organ of the most influential of the Dissenters, this periodical by no means limits its reviews to religious topics. It has been always distinguished for the vigour and ability of its literary articles, and some of the most accomplished writers of their time have been, and still are, numbered amongst its contributors. Here are papers on a judiciously chosen variety of subjects. Mr. TAYLOR'S "Religious Life in England," and a "Memoir of THOMAS WILSON, Esq.," a very brilliant critique on Miss BARRETT'S Poems; Miss STRICKLAND'S "Lives of the Queens;" "Discoveries in Australia," and many others, prove that the editors conduct the *Eclectic Review* in no narrow or sectarian spirit.

The Oxford and Cambridge Review, for December, as the organ of the high church party, with leanings towards Puseyism, and Young Englandism, maintains the reputation it had acquired, by the spirit of its early numbers. Here we have a keen controversial paper on "the Evangelicals," Then an article full of good feeling and right views on "the Ragged and their Reformation," "A Plea for the Press," is energetic, forcible, and truthful; the subject is evidently forcing itself on public attention. From this well-timed essay we must take a few passages:—

THE GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS.

Highly accomplished though they generally are, as scholars and as gentlemen—well read, well informed, travelled, inti-

mately conversant with their country's laws, and literature, and arts—men of polished mind, as well as cultivated understanding—and not seldom brilliantly imaginative and witty withal,—how eminently qualified must not such men be to adorn the highest social and convivial circles; yet, how rarely is it thought worth while, by the *haut ton*, at any rate, to invite these men. Pope, I think it is, has said—

Authors are judged by strange capricious rules,
The great ones are thought mad, the small ones fools;
Yet sure the best are most severely rated,
For fools are only laughed at—*wits are hated.*

And as of authors *par excellence*, so of periodical writers and editors *par le meme règle*. In some respects they are the others' superiors. Their parts, at any rate, must needs be quite as great, their learning as deep, their knowledge as various, their taste as refined; for all these high attainments they must habitually exercise. How constantly are they not called on to sit in judgment upon questions involving one or other, or all of them! How much that affects the moral and intellectual, as well as the political world, must pass their ordeal! And, upon the whole, how ably, how justly do they not decide! May we not say of them, then, as Glendower says of himself, that—

—Such are the courses of their life,
They are not in the roll of common men?

Thus do they possess a claim to public regard, which is but very slightly acknowledged in any rank of life—in any rank, I mean, of that life whose gradations are all assigned and regulated by mere worldliness or wealth.

THE PROVINCIAL PRESS.

The provincial press has made wonderful advances in ability and energy during the last twenty years. How almost universally has the pen displaced the scissors—the ink supplanted the paste! Some of the best reporters in the kingdom are engaged on the country press; whilst the leading articles of the first class country papers are quite upon a par with most of the daily London press. The country editors, therefore, may be set down as an able body of men; and in general, I believe, they are upright and honourable men. There are no doubt exceptions—I have known two or three myself; but they had little pretension to literary ability, any more than to moral or political principle.

And how true is this!—

From the peculiar position and local influence of a country paper, its editor has often the interests of the local party greatly in his power; and I have known invaluable services rendered through this means. How many a member of Parliament has owed his seat to the exertions of the local journal, which, from concentrating its efforts to one particular spot, and to one great party purpose, has achieved a triumph of which the metropolitan press itself might be proud! And yet how ill have such services too generally been requited! The gratitude in such cases is, almost invariably, only for favours to come.

The following anecdote is creditable, and the more so from the rarity of such gratitude. For our own part, and we (the writer) speak from experience, we have not found the Whigs so ready to reward the services of the press as the reviewer intimates.

RARE GRATITUDE TO THE PRESS.

One notable instance of gratitude and respect for the press, I must mention, to the credit of the Whigs, who, by the way, have generally a much higher appreciation of its influence, and pay much more regard to its conductors, than the Conservatives. There was a sharp lad, the son of a poor hand-loom weaver, an apprentice in a country newspaper office, who rose by his abilities, first to be a reporter for the paper, and then its editor. He proved a clever writer, and did good service to his party, who, in return, gave him every encouragement, and made him all due recompense. Upon the passing of the Reform Bill, he was presented with a valuable service of plate, in acknowledgment of his exertions. Some time afterwards, his party bought a piece of ground, and built a handsome dwelling-house upon it, which they generously presented to him. Eventually, they enabled him to purchase the newspaper, of which he has for some years now been the pros-

perous proprietor; and not long ago he was the chief magistrate of the city which has been the field of his labours, and the scene of his success. All honour, Basil, to the Whigs for such conduct as this.

A useful lesson may be learned at home, from recollecting

HOW THE PRESS IS HONOURED IN FRANCE.

They manage these things better in France, Basil. Whilst here a connection with the press is treated rather as a stigma, there it is looked upon as a mark of distinction. It is the surest road, in fact, to public honours and emoluments, to fame and fortune. It is considered to furnish an irresistible claim even to the peerage. Several peers of France, as you are aware, have been selected from that class within the last two or three years; and they are always considered most eligible for official employment. In France, a connection with the press, too, is ever regarded as furnishing a passport to the best society. And surely there is wisdom in this, as well as gratitude. Surely it is politic and proper in all respects, that they who are to wield so powerful an engine, for good or evil, as the press, should be elevated, rather than depressed, in the social scale. Newspapers, it is said, are "the best of all possible public instructors." It may be so. At any rate they exert more influence over the public mind than all the other public instructors put together. They are the daily reading of the million. In the palace, as in the cottage, they are eagerly looked for, examined, and pondered over. They have attractions for every one, whatever may be his rank, his opinions, or his objects; for their intelligence is of universal interest, and their discussions embrace every question of public concern.

"Notes of a Tour in Ireland," by an English M.P.; some comments on the Anti-Malt-Tax agitation, and a few short reviews, complete the number.

Sharpe's London Magazine, for November, is richly embellished with engravings, and contains a huge mass of pleasant and instructive reading. Its cheapness is astonishing. Among the attractive features of this part is a Christmas tale of great merit, remarkable for the beauty of its illustrations, which, we understand, are from the pen of a young artist, who promises ere long to attain a distinguished position, for he manifests the possession of a true genius.

Lowe's Edinburgh Magazine, for November, has been considerably enlarged, and improved also. It is very theological, and especially dedicated to Scotch Kirk controversies—of all others the most uninteresting to English readers. But there are other articles on general literature, as those on "Walter Savage Landor," "Sketches of London," and so forth.

Of the same class is *Macphail's Edinburgh Ecclesiastical Journal*, one of the many that have grown out of the Free Kirk Secession. Some able pens are among its contributors.

Mores Catholici, Part 25, has been so often noticed, that we can only refer to former remarks.

Among the *Serials* received, are the second number of a tale called *The Moor, the Mine, and the Forest*, which appears to be written to sell, and Part 1 of *Master Timothy's Book-Case*, by G. W. M. REYNOLDS, which appears to have all the excellencies as well as the faults that distinguish the fictions of that gentleman.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Characteristics of Men of Genius; a Series of Biographical, Historical, and Critical Essays; selected, by permission, chiefly from the North American Review. In 2 vols. London, 1846. Chapman, Brothers.

A WORK that will be right welcome to all lovers of literature. The *Review* from which the essays are extracted is little known in this country; and until *THE CRITIC* had occasionally transferred to its columns some of the

most interesting of its reviews of American books, few were aware that in the United States was a periodical which in brilliancy almost equalled our own *Edinburgh*, and in learning was not inferior to our *Quarterly*. A selection of some of the papers devoted to the *Characteristics of Men of Genius* will, therefore, possess for the English reader all the attractions of an original work, with the advantage of assurance given that he does not purchase with a risk, but with the certainty that every page has passed the ordeal of criticism, and is reprinted because it is deemed worthy to live beyond the brief life of a periodical. The subjects selected are very various. The writers have not limited their recognition of genius to age or country or faith. They have acknowledged its presence, and offered to it their homage wherever found. Honour is given to whom honour is due, and a large spirit of tolerance pervades the whole, men being measured by their intrinsic worth, and not by the standard of other creeds. Thus is justice done to "Gregory the Seventh and his Age," and to "The Founder of the Jesuits." In the same cosmopolitan spirit are viewed successively DANTE, PETRARCH, MILTON, SHELLEY, BYRON, and GOETHE. The genius of SIR WALTER SCOTT is more fairly estimated than by any other critic. Then WORDSWORTH and the poets of Germany—CANOVA, MACHIAVELLI, LOUIS the Ninth, and PETER the Great, form a galaxy of genius, each of a peculiar class, which the reader passes in review successively under the guidance of critics who show themselves thoroughly competent to the task they have undertaken.

From materials so rich it would not be difficult to take pleasing specimens for half-a-dozen notices. Our difficulty lies in selecting from the numerous passages we had scored during the perusal of the volumes. We are perplexed by the very variety of attractions, and only the sudden influx of new publications anticipatory, we suppose, of Christmas, prevents us from extending the notice of this most acceptable work through three or four weeks. As it is, we are compelled to be much more brief than our wishes would prompt. Take first

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF DANTE.

We may say of him, as the profoundest of our poets said of the earliest of our novelists:—"The energies of his soul were melancholy powers, and their path lay along the dusky dwelling-places of superstition, and fear, and death, and woe." He must have felt both the vanity and the grandeur of life; must, at any rate, have had those thoughts that "wander through eternity." He had tried to satisfy himself with the earth, and the earth had frowned upon him. He sought, with how much eagerness we know, to repose his soul, and reap his civic honours, in the city of his birth and of his love. To her he clung, a loving child, and would have found his honour and happiness in contributing to her prosperity and wisely administering her laws; but the harsh mother sternly shook him from her, and bade him elsewhere seek his fortune and his fame. To what, then, should he turn his thoughts, but to that world where the decisions of time are so often reversed, and the weary and disappointed soul may find rest? Besides this, we know, that, in certain states of mental distress, the mind seeks relief in scenes of outward violence and danger. It demands the excitement without to allay the fever within. Men rush into battle to appease the anguish of their souls. So Shakspeare represents Lear as talking with the tempest, and finding something congenial and soothing in the pelting of the rain and the roaring of the wind. Byron, we know, loved to ride on horseback in the storm; it suited his humour. Grief instinctively seeks and finds relief in some outward manifestation of itself. It is only a sorrow which utterly crushes the heart, that is silent and tearless. Homer represents the divine Achilles as refreshing his soul with tears. "For," says Hegel, "even in tears lies consolation. Man, when entirely absorbed in his sorrow, demands at least the outward manifestation of this inward pain. But the expression of these feelings by means of words, pictures,

tones, and forms is still more softening; and therefore it was a good custom of the ancients to have female mourners at deaths and burials, as it brought grief into contemplation in its external form; or, more especially, as it shewed the mourner his own grief expressed by others. For thus the whole subject of his sorrow would be brought under his view, and he would be compelled, by its frequent repetition, to reflect upon it, and so would be relieved. Thus abundant tears and many words have always been found the surest means of throwing off the overwhelming weight of sorrow, or at least of relieving the oppressed heart." May there not have been some powers like these at work in Dante? He was disappointed, dishonoured, impoverished, exiled; his domestic life was unhappy; for years he went about with corroding anxiety at his heart; his only inheritance was sorrow. Did he not find, in depicting the gloomy scenes of the Inferno,—those circles after circles of sorrow and woe,—some assuaging of his continual melancholy? Did not these living and fiery pictures fit well the temper of his grief, and really comfort him? There was depth in his sorrow as in his love; neither played upon the surface of his affections, but went through and through him. His labouring heart yearned to utter itself; it must do so, or he must die; and what he believed and felt so intensely he must speak with corresponding vehemence. Under the influence, too, of heavy misfortune, or in the anticipation of dreaded calamities, the mind is sometimes remarkably clear; conventional reserve is gone; the false coverings of things are stripped off; the recesses of the heart are disclosed. We are not sure but that there was a still deeper cause in the experience of the poet. Nothing great and original in literature can be produced but from one's own profound and often painful experience. Your "honest, fair, worthy, square, good-looking, well-meaning, regular, uniform, straight-forward, clock-work, clear-headed, one-like-another, salubrious, upright kind of people" (as the author of *Salmagundi* calls them) have no materials in their spiritual storehouses for the beautiful or sublime structures of art. For these another sort of life is required. No such "salubrious" man was Dante. His was a soul that had warfare. He had engaged in spiritual conflicts. For him, too, there was a future world of terrible and endless sorrow, or of unspeakable felicity. He dwelt in the depths. He uttered his voice *de profundis*. Such a mind is not to be envied, but to be looked at with wonder, and reverence, and sympathy; for it was sent to this earth, not for its own enjoyment, but to give utterance to the universal hopes and fears of men, to bear a part in the great changes of society, to mark one of its epochs, to give a name and glory to a great people. Several passages in the poem, such as the marks for the seven sins drawn by the angel on his forehead as he entered Purgatory,—his rebuke by Beatrice, and subsequent repentance,—his apparently overwhelming sense of the divine justice, as well as the whole tone of both the Inferno and the Purgatory, make it seem more than possible that he had felt a deep self-condemnation, and had sought for expiation and pardon. This may have somewhat affected the style of the poem. He might perhaps have said, as Bunyan did, "I could have stepped into a style much higher than this in which I have here discoursed, and could have adorned all things more than I have seemed to do; but I dare not. God did not play, in tempting of me; neither did I play, when I sank as into a bottomless pit, when the pangs of hell caught hold upon me; wherefore I may not play, in relating of them." Dante was a stern, just man. One cannot but admire the intrepidity, the audacity even, with which he attacks the reigning vices and crimes of the day. Neither power, nor rank, nor the church itself, shielded the criminal. Nobles and kings, monks, priests, bishops, cardinals, and popes, the very successors of St. Peter, who once held in their hands the keys which opened and shut the kingdom of heaven, work out their penance, or suffer their endless punishment, in his scheme of justice. To consider the poem, as some once did, to be merely a covert method of taking revenge on his enemies, is not within the limits of the slenderest probability. Such littleness of spirit could not produce so grand a work.

What eloquence in the writing, what truth in the conception of the following sketch of

THE MORAL GREATNESS OF MILTON!

But, as basis or fountain of his rare physical and intellectual

accomplishments, the man Milton was just and devout. He is rightly dear to mankind, because in him,—among so many perverse and partial men of genius, in him humanity rights itself; the old eternal goodness finds a home in his breast, and for once shews itself beautiful. His gifts are subordinated to his moral sentiments. And his virtues are so graceful, that they seem rather talents than labours. Among so many contrivances as the world has seen to make holiness ugly, in Milton, at least, it was so pure a flame, that the foremost impression his character makes is that of elegance. The victories of the conscience in him are gained by the commanding charm, which all the severe and restrictive virtues have for him. His virtues remind us of what Plutarch said of Timoleon's victories, that they resembled Homer's verses, they ran so easy and natural. His habits of living were austere. He was abstemious in diet, chaste, an early riser, and industrious. He tells us, in a Latin poem, that the lyrist may indulge in wine and in a freer life; but that he who would write an epic to the nations, must eat beans and drink water. Yet in his severity there is no grimace or effort. He serves from love, not from fear. He is innocent and exact, because his taste was so pure and delicate. He acknowledges to his friend Diodati, at the age of twenty-one, that he is enamoured, if ever any was, of moral perfection. "For, whatever the Deity may have bestowed upon me in other respects, he has certainly inspired me, if any ever were inspired, with a passion for the good and fair. Nor did Ceres, according to the fable, ever seek her daughter Proserpine with such unceasing solicitude, as I have sought this *τὸ καλὸν ἰδίαν*, this perfect model of the beautiful in all forms and appearances of things." When he was charged with loose habits of living, he declares, that "a certain niceness of nature, an honest haughtiness and self-esteem either of what I was or what I might be, and a modesty, kept me still above those low descents of mind, beneath which he must deject and plunge himself, that can agree" to such degradation. "His mind gave him," he said, "that every free and gentle spirit, without that oath of chastity, ought to be born a knight; nor needed to expect the gilt spur, or the laying of a sword upon his shoulder, to stir him up by his counsel and his arm, to secure and protect" attempted innocence. He states these things, he says, "to shew, that, though Christianity had been but slightly taught him, yet a certain reservedness of natural disposition and moral discipline, learned out of the noblest philosophy, was enough to keep him in disdain of far less incontinences than these," that had been charged on him. In like spirit, he replies to the suspicious calumny respecting his morning haunts. "Those morning haunts are where they should be, at home; not sleeping, or concocting the surfeits of an irregular feast, but up and stirring, in winter, often ere the sound of any bell awake men to labour or devotion; in summer, as oft with the bird that first rouses, or not much tardier, to read good authors, or cause them to be read, till the attention be weary, or memory have its perfect fraught; then with useful and generous labours preserving the body's health and hardness, to render lightsome, clear, and not lumpish obedience to the mind, to the cause of religion, and our country's liberty, when it shall require firm hearts in sound bodies to stand and cover their stations. These are the morning practices." This native honour never forsook him. It is the spirit of "Comus," the loftiest song in the praise of chastity that is in any language. It always sparkles in his eyes. It breathed itself over his decent form. It refined his amusements, which consisted in gardening, in exercise with the sword, and in playing on the organ. It engaged his interest in chivalry, in courtesy, in whatsoever savoured of generosity and nobleness. This magnanimity shines in all his life. He accepts a high impulse at every risk, and deliberately undertakes the defence of the English people, when advised by his physician that he does it at the cost of sight. There is a forbearance even in his polemics. He opens the war and strikes the first blow. When he had cut down his opponents, he left the details of death and plunder to meaner partizans. He said, "he had learned the prudence of the Roman soldier, not to stand breaking of legs, when the breath was quite out of the body." To this antique heroism, Milton added the genius of the Christian sanctity. Few men could be cited who have so well understood what is peculiar in the Christian ethics, and the precise aid it has brought to men, in being an emphatic affir-

mation of the omnipotence of spiritual laws; and, by way of marking the contrast to vulgar opinions, laying its chief stress on humility. The indifference of a wise mind to what is called high and low, and the fact that true greatness is a perfect humility, are revelations of Christianity which Milton well understood. They give an inexhaustible truth to all his compositions.

And this is on

SHELLEY, AS A POET.

As a poet, Shelley is not so popular as some others who have less merit. His immoderate love of allegory has rendered his style in many places obscure and cold; the metaphysical cast of thought does not supply to sensibility the excitement it craves from poetry; the long and lofty flights of his imagination tire the wings of duller fancies; while the occasional morbidness of his muse, together with his frequent attacks upon the established order of things in church and state, have sometimes repelled from his page the subject of delicate feelings, and the friends of ancient observance. In the power of his conceptive faculty, few will deny that he was unsurpassed by any of his contemporaries. His poetry is chiefly "the expression of the imagination." His mind was not also endowed, like Shakspeare's, with that large wisdom, that soundness of judgment, that wonderful tact in observation, which, directed to the real world, would have enabled him to see things as they are; but his unaided imagination filled immensity with the shapes of things that are not. But while he possessed, in such superabundance, the creative power of genius to form new combinations from the materials of real existence, it must be confessed that these combinations were oftener striking and beautiful, than analogous to reality, and illustrative of truth.

The fire of the impassioned poet burns most intensely and purely in his lyrics and smaller pieces, as in the Ode to the West Wind, Lines written in dejection near Naples, the Cloud and the Stanzas to a Skylark. Into these he breathed his entire soul. In the last-mentioned piece, suggested while listening to the lark carolling in the Italian heavens, he cannot find words enough to exhaust his passionate admiration; he cannot collect together images enough with which to compare the glad melodies of this spirit in the sky; nothing is to him so tender or ardent, nothing so sweet and joyous, nothing in sound that so fills the ear and the soul, as the spontaneous song of this bird, that singing soars, and soaring sings. Love of the beautiful was another characteristic of Shelley's genius. No eye was quicker to detect, or slower to turn from, the beauty wherein, according to his belief, consisted the divinity of things. The beautiful in the forms, colours, motions, and sounds of the external creation; the beautiful expression in the human face divine, and in the face of nature; the beautiful in language, thought, character, and life, was his constant study and supreme delight. For the cultivation of this native delicacy of taste, he devoted himself, as all poets should, to the study of the poetry of Greece. Sensibility to beauty was the characteristic trait of Grecian genius. It was beauty that the Greeks sung of in verse, beauty they sought in architecture, beauty they cut out from marble. Nor were their orators, historians, or even philosophers, wanting in this means of gaining the ear of their countrymen. Native to the soul of Greece, beauty overspread all her art, literature, and even life, as it did her vales, and isles, and seas, and skies. Shelley was a complete master of all poetic measures, and had at his sovereign disposal all the treasures of the English language. His numbers are smooth, various, and musical; his language rich, tasteful, and expressive. Still, so thick-coming were his fancies, so subjective often the theme of his song, so ethereal the substance of his imaginings, so subtle, abstract, idealized, were many of his conceptions, that not unfrequently he seems to labour in the pains of utterance. The main characteristic of his style has been thus pointed out by his editor: "More popular poets clothe the ideal with familiar and sensible imagery; Shelley loved to idealize the real; to gift the mechanism of the material universe with a soul and a voice, and to bestow such also on the most delicate and abstract emotions and thoughts of the mind."

Very beautiful is this scrap of criticism on the heroism of one of GOETHE'S most admirable fictions, "The Elective Affinities."—

THE CHARACTER OF OTTILIA.

But if no such ray came to prevent their earthly errors, it seems to point heavenward in the saintly sweetness of Ottilia. Her nature, too fair for vice, too finely wrought even for error, comes lonely, intense, and pale, like the evening star on the cold wintry night. It tells of other worlds, where the meaning of such strange passages as this must be read to those faithful and pure like her, victims perishing in the green garlands of a spotless youth to atone for the unworthiness of others. An unspeakable pathos is felt from the minutest trait of this character, and deepens with every new study of it. Not even in Shakspeare have I so felt the organising power of genius. Through dead words I find the least gestures of this person, stamping themselves on my memory, betraying to the heart the secret of her life, which she herself, like all these divine beings, knew not. I feel myself familiarised with all beings of her order. I see not only what she was, but what she might have been, and live with her in yet untroubled realms. Here is the glorious privilege of a form known only in the world of genius. There is on it no stain of usage or calculation to dull our sense of its immeasurable life. What in our daily walk, amid common faces and common places, fleets across us at moments from glances of the eye or tones of the voice, is felt from the whole being of one of these children of genius. This precious gem is set in a ring complete in its enamel. I cannot hope to express my sense of the beauty of this book as a work of art. I would not attempt it, if I had elsewhere met any testimony to the same. The perfect picture always before the mind of the chateau, the moss hut, the park, the garden, the lake, with its boat and the landing beneath the platan trees; the gradual manner in which both localities and persons grow upon us, more living than life, inasmuch as we are, unconsciously, kept at our best temperature by the atmosphere of genius, and thereby more delicate in our perceptions than amid our customary fogs; the gentle unfolding of the central thought, as a flower in the morning sun; then the conclusion, rising like a cloud, first soft and white, but darkening as it comes, till with a sudden wind it bursts above our heads; the ease with which we everywhere find points of view all different, yet all bearing on the same circle, for, though we feel every hour new worlds, still before our eye lie the same objects, new, yet the same, unchangeable, yet always changing their aspects as we proceed, till at last we find we ourselves have traversed the circle, and know all we overlooked at first. For myself, I never felt so completely that very thing which genius should always make us feel, that I was in its circle, and could not get out till its spell was done, and its last spirit permitted to depart. I was not carried away, instructed, delighted more than by other works, but I was there, living there, whether as the platan tree, or the architect, or any other observing part of the scene. The personages live too intensely to let us live in them, they draw around themselves circles within the circle, we can only see them close, not be themselves.

But here we must, though reluctantly, close a work which ought to be ordered by every book-club.

Rural Pickings; or Attractive Points in Country Life and Scenery. By the Author of "Pickings about China," &c. London, 1846. Tegg and Co.

A VOLUME "for the use of Young Persons." Verily the young people of our day ought to be excellent in taste and profound in knowledge, for they have aids which we elders never dreamed of in our teens. Perhaps of their better knowledge there may be some question, inasmuch as there is no railway thither, but all who would possess must go through the laborious process of taking possession. Not so, however, with the cultivation of the taste. That is as much an education of the eye as of the brain. It is learned insensibly by the habit of dwelling upon beautiful objects. Hence do we hail with delight every endeavour made by publishers to improve the aspect as well as the substance of books addressed to "young people." A generation accustomed from childhood to good paper and type, will acquire a taste for neatness and elegance that will ex-

tend itself in after life to matters of more moment. An eye that has familiarised itself with correct drawing and colouring in its books, from the nursery rhymes upwards, will not endure distortion in more important works, and want of taste will cease to be the characteristic of our country.

Honour, then, to the Messrs. TEGG for having applied their talents and their capital to the improvement of children's books. Here is one that may be esteemed a work of art, so beautifully in all respects is it "got up." Gilded leaves, pretty binding, type and paper of the choicest, and a profusion of coloured engravings, not daubs, but carefully and delicately painted by skilled hands, have combined to form one of the most attractive of Christmas gifts. And the contents are just such as please the young, in whom the love of the country always glows with ardour. In a natural unaffected strain, as becomes the theme, the author discourses about solitary ramblings in country places, country rides and drives, farm-houses and farmers, birds and flowers, country boys, old houses, cottages and cottagers, country kindness, farming duties, fields and meadows, country strollers, lonely places, woods and coppices, rural sports and employments, country sights and sounds, the old church and the village church, mossy banks, and gurgling streams, rural pictures, and so forth, until the heart leaps within us, the walls of our little library vanish, and we are a boy again, revelling in the delights so well and vividly described.

Tales about Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea. By PETER PARLEY. London, 1847. Tegg and Co.

ANOTHER charming Christmas gift for children. Who does not remember the absorbing interest with which in early youth all narratives of adventure by sea—of storm and shipwreck, of daring and deliverance, were heard or read? Here is a collection of these true tales, written in PETER PARLEY'S pleasant manner, so peculiarly attractive because so intelligible to young persons, embellished with no less than forty-nine engravings adapted to impress the scenes described more vividly upon the mind, and handsomely bound with gilded leaves and all the outward adornments that could be required for presents and prizes at this season of open hearts and open pockets.

The Works of Frederick Schiller. Historical and Dramatic. Translated from the German. London, 1846. Bohn.

OF all the many valuable works which BOHN'S Standard Library has presented to the public, at a price which would have been pronounced impossible but for the proof of success which has attended the experiment, the contemplated complete edition of SCHILLER, of which this is the second volume, is, perhaps, the most welcome. Its contents are peculiarly attractive. First, there is presented the conclusion of "the History of the Revolt of the Netherlands," originally translated by Lieut. E. B. EASTWICK, but revised and partly re-written by the Rev. A. J. W. MORRISON. Next there is that noble drama, "the Camp of Wallenstein," translated by the late M. J. CHURCHILL, and reprinted by permission from *Fraser's Magazine*. This is followed by COLERIDGE'S unequalled translation of "the Piccolomini," and "the Death of Wallenstein," which are already too famous to need special notice. "William Tell" follows, from the pen of Mr. THEODORE MARTIN, whose capabilities for the task are sufficiently proved by his various contributions to *Blackwood's Magazine*, illustrative of SCHILLER and other German poets.

The publisher, Mr. BOHN, modestly intimates that upon him have devolved the duties of editor. We can assure him that they could not have been confided to

more competent hands, nor could they have been discharged in a manner more complete and satisfactory.

We hope it is his intention to add the whole of SCHILLER's lyrical works,—the finest of his productions. Could he not make an arrangement to procure the translations of Sir E. B. LYTON, which, perhaps, are the best in our language?

The First of a Series of Lectures on the Condition of the Metropolitan Graveyards. By GEO. A. WALKER, Surgeon. Longman and Co.

MR. WALKER's services in rousing the dull public mind to a perception of the dangers to health resulting from interment in towns, are too well known to need repetition; but they should never be noticed without grateful acknowledgment. He has now adopted the plan of public lectures upon the subject to which he has so nobly devoted himself. This is the first of them, and fearful, indeed, are the facts and details. May he meet the success he so well deserves!

JOURNAL OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

Héva. By M. MERY.

WE took occasion, while noticing the "Florida" of M. MERY, to promise to our readers an early analysis of the present work; and we expressed, at the same time, our sincere admiration of the great talent and observation which he had brought to bear upon his successive tales of Indian life. The one now before us is the latest, but we sincerely trust not the last, of the series; for the pen of the author has lost none of its force, while the pencil of the artist is as rich and as true as ever. It is needless to recapitulate to the readers of THE CRITIC either the literary or the historical merits of this eminent writer; the circumstance which appears to us the most inexplicable, exists in the fact that, while so many mere works of fiction, all assuredly more or less clever, but still nothing more than fictions, are daily translated for the English press, no one has yet shewn taste and judgment enough to select those of M. MERY; the source of whose inspiration has been not only sought, but found, at the great spring of Nature; and from whose volumes not alone abundant interest may be derived, but ample information obtained, of the grand physiognomy of an almost unknown quarter of the globe, and of the habits of its inhabitants, both human and savage. Let us hope that so great an omission will not much longer endure; whoever, even thus tardily, undertakes the task, will deserve well of the public. We have already alluded to the perfect purity of this author's writings; his works may safely be produced *ungarbled* on this side of the channel; and thus the most serious difficulty of a right-thinking translator is removed. In the hope that our hints may avail, we will not anticipate the interest of the reader who may sit down to peruse the works of M. MERY in all their extent and beauty; neither will we permit ourselves any further expression of the high degree in which we estimate his talents; but in order to justify our judgment, and to enable our readers to decide upon its correctness, we will give, in all its details, one stirring scene from *Héva*, for whose length we feel satisfied that we need offer no apology.

Our old acquaintance, Sir EDWARD KLERBBS, travelling in quest of a MS. work on the religion of the Malabars, spoken of in the Carnatic, for the Royal Society, and a young French savant, despatched to India by M. LAREPEDE, in search of a specimen of the *Turracus Albus*, of which SAAVERS had brought a drawing to England, and which was wanting to the Paris Museum:—these two young and handsome Europeans, we say, were living under the roof of the richest merchant of Madras, named Mounoussamy, who, born an Indian

and an idolator, had become converted in order to marry the handsomest girl in Batavia, Héva, the heroine of the tale. The scene does not, however, lie in the anglicised city, but on the coast of Coromandel, and on the border of the magnificent Tinnevely lake. Mounoussamy is a person of middle age, who, although devoted to his beautiful wife, by whom he is loved fondly in return, is also attached to the pleasures of the table, and the enjoyment of society. His villa is consequently filled with guests, who are all at the feet of the lovely hostess; and among whom are numbered two other wealthy Indians, Mirpour, a retired merchant, and Goulab an ex-banker of Calcutta. Confident in the virtue of his wife, Mounoussamy is far from being at ease as to the principles of his two countrymen. Their passion for Héva leads him to believe in their hatred of himself. She resolves to test their vaunted regard. For this purpose he proposes a tiger-hunt, to which he invites all his guests *en masse*, desiring that such of them as may possess horses unaccustomed to contact with those animals will supply themselves from his own stud. Having premised thus much, we leave M. MERY to tell his own tale.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE HUNTERS.

At the hour when the bengalis awake, and sing among the lofty leaves of the *Tennamaram*, twelve mounted peons, with their carbines slung at their shoulders, were already in file along the desert-road leading to the Goala mountain. The European sportsmen next arrived, all armed like fortresses, and dressed in white; then the two Indians, Goulab and Mirpour; and lastly, Mounoussamy himself. By the light of the candelabras which were burning on the terrace, Gabriel (the young Frenchman) scarcely recognised the happy husband of Héva, so advantageously was he metamorphosed. Mounoussamy had adopted the costume of *Kouvéra*, the god of riches; he was naked to the waist, and his pantaloons of red cachemire, richly flowered, diminished in volume to the ankles, where they were attached by a gold ring. Like Kouvéra, also, he rode a horse as white as ivory, the extremity of whose tail was dyed scarlet, and which bore upon its chest three rows of pearls. The Indian and his horse appeared to form only one animal when they passed before the band of hunters, for the horseman guided his steed by the pressure of his knees, leaving the red bridle to float upon its neck; and, while with one hand he grasped his carbine, with the other he threw some gold coins to the beggars, called *Vingadassen*, who appear by their prayers the *Shaktis*, redoubtable divinities much dreaded by the Indian hunters.

The chief of the peons distributed to his men a provision of betel-leaves, mixed with arec-nuts, and powdered over with shell-lime, which they chew as our sailors do tobacco. A water-carrier from the Ganges passed along, crying *Gangai-Tirtan!* and the Indian hunters who were still faithful to the worship of *Siva*, and whose foreheads were marked with white powder, dipped their hair and their fingers in the water brought from the holy river, and glanced obliquely at their apostate master, who did not attempt to follow their example. Finally, the falconer gave the signal for departure, by striking his *Kidouti*, a sort of drum, beaten with a single stick; and, like a flight of hippogriffs, the hunters sprang from the edge of the lake towards the northern mountains.

We should have explained that Mounoussamy had taken such precautions against the supposed designs of his Indian guests as he considered sufficient to ensure his safety, but without having confided his suspicions to any one, save his brother, who was then at Madras; and that the fantastical dress which he assumed had also been skillfully selected. We now resume the narrative:—

THE TIGER-HUNT.

The landscape, which was at this moment spread out in front of the caravan, was full of grace and freshness. It seemed impossible that one thought of blood and death could dare to intrude upon the mind in the midst of this tranquil and unpolluted nature, which seemed to have adorned itself in all its charms only to woo the wild birds and the sunshine. The little river of Lutchmi, flowing between two thick fringes

of turf, escaped from the depths of a mysterious valley, and descended with a delicious murmur towards a horizon of hills, where it lost itself in the abyss called the *Gouroul*. This is one of the wonders of India. The Lutchmi river descends by an imperceptible decline to the enormous jaws of the *Gouroul*; it detaches itself in a vertical sheet of azure, and falls into this gulf of an unknown depth. No noise accompanies the immense descent of water, whose plunge is deadened in the entrails of the earth, whence it never again mounts to human ears. A pillar of smoke alone escapes from the abyss, and this appears rather to issue from the vent of subterranean fires than to be the foam of a cataract buried among gloomy horrors. It is with awe that the eye gazes upon this prodigious body of water, which disappears in silence and awakens no echo, either in its impenetrable tomb, or on the steep sides of the Goala mountain. On the opposite edge of the gulf, the soil, which has never been harassed by the action of the cataract, is overwhelmed by its luxury of vegetation; and throws out horizontally wild and mighty trees, which seem to seek in their turn to form a cascade of verdure, and to cover their half of the abyss with floating masses of dishevelled foliage.

The sun had run something less than two-thirds of its course, and the hour was come which the Indians consider the most favourable for the tiger-hunt. The scouts had returned, and Mounoussamy, after having heard their report, decided his plan of attack. He ordered ten peons to invade, by a long detour, the defiles of Ravana, which is peopled by tigers, and to force the formidable game into the valley on the other bank of the Lutchmi, where the rest of the hunters were to lie in ambush behind a dense curtain of cocoa trees. The peons secured their horses, and after having rubbed with the flowers of the tulip-tree their bare feet, as hard as bronze, and as flexible as the claws of an eagle, they bounded across the plain to the salient ridges of the Ravana defiles. From these prodigious heights they commanded the thick bushes of holm, which concealed the monsters of Bengal; and when the enormous head of a startled tiger rose, contracted by rage, above the leaves, and scented the wind through which an enemy had passed, instantly masses of stone rained down upon his retreat, and all the family of the savage bounded forth, giving a roar of terror which penetrated the most secret dens of the defiles.

The tigers, like all untameable animals, live alone, and do not mingle with their neighbours. Each, having chosen its mate, contents itself with recognising any other of its kind by a frightful contraction of the nostrils, when it is in search of prey or water. The instinct of self-preservation and property, which obliges them to watch continually over the domain that nature has accorded them, and which they must transmit intact to their progeny, is suddenly suspended, however, in order to repel the common enemy, when men menace them with expropriation. On these occasions they form a momentary alliance, which terminates with the danger. Such are the habits of the Bengal tigers, the handsomest animals in the creation. Klerbbs and Gabriel, ambushed, like the other hunters, at the entrance of the Lutchmi valley, felt their horses shiver, as though a polar chill had suddenly fallen upon them.

"Here are the tigers!" exclaimed Mounoussamy.

A mortal pallor overspread a dozen European faces. Gabriel and Klerbbs patted their horses, whose ears stood erect, and who threw a dense smoke from their nostrils; they examined the charge of their carbines, and then ran and placed themselves beside Mounoussamy. The Indian extended his hand to them, and congratulated them, by a gesture, on their coolness. "I do not recognise my horses," he said; "they tremble like gazelles." Goulab and Mirpour remained calm, and did not appear to remark the accusing look of their friend.

"Was it you, Goulab, who selected the horses?" asked Mounoussamy. Goulab shook his head. "Was it you, Mirpour?" The answer was similar. The black eyes of Mounoussamy flashed: he no longer suspected treason; its proof was before him. Unfortunately it was necessary to defend himself against enemies far more terrible than the two Indians.

An enormous tiger rushed from the defiles, traversed the plain, where he could find no shelter, and advanced towards the Lutchmi valley. He traced an immense ellipsis in the air at every bound, and the fascinated eye of the hunter, which embraced twenty of these rapid bounds at once, seemed to see a bridge, whose arches were formed of a score of tigers, shape

itself and disappear at the same instant. The monster suddenly stopped within a hundred paces of the curtain of verdure which hid his enemies, and gave out a deep roar. His skin, of a golden brown, sparkled in the sun like a mantle of Venetian brocade veined with bands of ebony; his four claws were extended, his outstretched tail undulating like a serpent, and the coarse skin of his muzzle, drawn up towards his eyes by a furious contraction, left his teeth uncovered, which were sharpened like poignards. The neighing of the horses sounded like articulate cries of human distress, and their manes shook like knots of adders; their riders struggled with them in order to prevent their escape, but human strength was failing, and the animals, in their terror, ceased to obey the noiseless control of the bridle and the hand.

The carbine of Mounoussamy was lowered, and he fired. The tiger gave a hoarse roar, rose on his hind legs, and seizing his muzzle between his fore-paws, shook himself violently. Then he stretched himself upon his belly, and crawled like a boa, rubbing his nose along the earth in fury, ultimately rising once more to his full height, and bounding desperately towards the rushes of the Lutchmi river.

"Wounded! wounded!" shouted Mounoussamy, pressing his horse in pursuit of the tiger, and with his pistols in his hand; when, at the same instant, two other tigers bounded from the defile. The European riders could no longer control their horses, but were carried away on the Tinnevely road at the full speed of the delirious and affrighted animals. Klerbbs and Gabriel sprang courageously from their saddles, in order to assist Mounoussamy; while Goulab and Mirpour galloped after the Europeans, and all these deserters disappeared in the twinkling of an eye among the foliage of the southern horizon. Klerbbs and Gabriel crossed the river, impelling themselves forward by one hand, and holding the other above water to protect their carbines and pistols. They thus placed the stream between themselves and the tigers, and could aid the solitary Indian on the opposite shore, by firing upon his formidable enemies. Carried away by his ardour, Mounoussamy still pursued the beast that he had wounded, and came up with it close to the *Gouroul*; there the monster received its death wound, and expired while tearing up the earth with its claws.

Mounoussamy looked round him and saw that he was alone.

Our two friends deprived of the help afforded by a horse in so terrible a chase, had only consulted their courage, by following the intrepid Nabob on foot; but in advancing along the left bank of the Lutchmi, they met with insurmountable obstacles, in the marshy nature of the soil, which was moreover broken by deep ravines; while the river itself, in that direction, ran between steep banks, and with such rapidity that they could not attempt to cross it without exposing themselves to certain death. Moreover, of what service could they be, even had this been practicable, when they became conscious of the roaring which had every moment become more furious, had also multiplied until it filled every echo, and that evidently the defiles had cast forth all their fierce feline population? Excited by a curiosity which grew to agony, the two travellers climbed a lofty tree; and Klerbbs, who first attained its summit, pointed out to his companion a troop of clay-coloured monsters veined with black.

"They will cross the river," exclaimed Gabriel, adjusting his carbine. "I defy them," replied Sir Edward; "there, just in front of us, although the river appears calm, it is a torrent. But the Indian! the Indian! Where is he?" "Look, Klerbbs, look to the south—there are the peons who have just unfastened their horses, and who are leaving us to our fate, like the others. I foresaw that such would be the case. They have let loose the tigers on Mounoussamy purposely—the cowards!"

A shriek of despair, a shrill and super-human shriek, impossible to describe, and which appeared to be heard in a stream issuing from the chest of an animated colossus of bronze, rang through the solitude. The Indian had uttered this shriek. He had just perceived the flight of his peons; he saw himself alone, with the power of firing three times only upon a pack of tigers, who came bounding one after the other down the mountain, like a torrent, whose every wave was an eye of flame, or a tooth of steel, and whose roar was a continuous knell of death. For the next instant, Klerbbs and Gabriel saw the unhappy Indian quit the shelter of the thicket by which he had hitherto been partially concealed, and urge

his horse vigorously in the direction of the dark rocks, which shut out the horizon like a rampart. "Oh!" exclaimed Gabriel, "we must help him at any risk!" And he was about to descend the tree, but Klerbbs held him resolutely back. "My friend," he said, "twilight is approaching; it would take us an hour to come up with Mounoussamy, and require the previous destruction of twenty tigers. Do you still persist in making the attempt? Only say yes, and I will share your fate." Gabriel grasped his hair with both hands, and was silent. The darkness which always falls so quickly in these equinoctial regions, was gathering in all its horrors; and near the close of the twilight, our two travellers witnessed the last mighty struggle of the Indian. The herd of tigers pursued him with rapid bounds; and as he reached the rocky rampart, he rose in his stirrups as though he would have escalated it by the aid of his iron nails; then falling back into his saddle, he urged his horse back along the steep path which he had just traversed; and profiting by the terror which he created among his enemies, by firing off both his pistols, he rushed through them like the wind, and succeeded in reaching the river-bank unhurt; but, swift as his horse, the most agile among them bounded at the same moment into the rushes of the Lutchmi; and the unarmed Indian felt their hot breath on his naked feet. Upright upon his saddle, like a rider in the ring, he struggled for a time, wounding with the stock of his carbine the muzzles of the foremost animals; while the horse, torn and bleeding, his flanks mangled by his ferocious assailants, madly hurried his master towards the abyss of the Gouroul. The tigers made a final and simultaneous rush; the horse shivered, and was about to fall; the Indian saw a dozen foaming jaws opened widely to inclose their victim; and from the saddle, which was rapidly sinking under him, he flung himself into the Gouroul, amid the blended horrors of the abyss and the night.

(To be continued.)

JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE GREAT SEA SERPENT.—On Saturday, the 5th inst. in the course between the islands of Sartor Leer and Tös, a sea-monster, supposed to be a sea-serpent, was seen by several persons. Early on this day just as the steamer *Biörgrin* passed through Rognesford towing a vessel to Bergen, Daniel Salomonson, a cottier, saw a sea monster whose like he declares he never met with although accustomed to the sea and its inhabitants from his earliest years. The animal came swimming from Rognesford in a westerly direction towards his dwelling at Grönnevigskieset, in the northern part of the parish of Sund. The head appeared like a Fering boat (about twenty feet long) keel uppermost, and from behind it raised itself forward in three and sometimes four and five undulations, each apparently about twelve feet long: its rate appeared to be that of a light boat rowed by four active men. When it reached Grönnevigskieset at a distance of two rifle shots it turned with considerable noise and continued its course towards Lundenes. Later, about eleven o'clock in the same day his wife Ingeborg, in Daniel's absence, heard a loud noise in the sea, and she and two little children saw a great monster, such as described above, take a northerly course, close by their place at such a rate that the waves were dashed on the shore in the same way as when a steamer is passing by. Neither of them say that they saw any thing like eyes or fins, or indeed any thing projecting from its round form, but they declare that the colour of the animal was dark brown, and that it often rose up with gentle undulations, sometimes, however, sloping below the surface so that merely a stripe indicated the rapid course of the gigantic body. On the same morning a lad, by name Abraham Abrahamsen Hageneus, was out fishing in the Rognesford, not far from Lundenes, and just ready to throw out his line when he, as he asserts, became aware that at about 100 fathoms distance a monster with a head as large as a Fering boat (about twenty feet long) and a long body lay upon the sea like large kegs and was nearing his boat—seized with a panic he exerted all his strength to reach the shore, and as the animal apparently following him was only about forty fathoms off he leaped ashore, drew up the boat and ran up the bank, whence he viewed the monster which had by this time approached the shore within twenty fathoms. He says that that part of the body which was visible was about sixty feet in length, and that its undulating course was similar to the eel: that the colour of the back was blackish, shining strongly, and as far as he could distinguish there was a whitish stripe under the belly. Report also says that the sea-serpent was seen by several persons in Biørnford causing a great deal of dread, but of this our informant wants authentic ac-

counts.—Our informant further says that he has no reason whatever to doubt the story of the man and his wife, or the trustworthiness of the lad Abraham, except as far as that his fears may have caused him to see several things through a magnifying glass.

Sunds Parsonage, August 31, 1846.

ART.

Portraits and Memoirs of Eminent Conservatives. Part II. London: Collins.

THE second part of this truly national work contains three portraits, namely, those of Viscount COMBERMERE, the Right Hon. E. LUCAS, and Dr. WILSON, Bishop of Calcutta. The likenesses are remarkably faithful, and as works of art they exhibit great boldness and vigour of touch.

A letter from Elberfeld mentions the discovery there of a picture, by Rubens, representing the Crucifixion, with somewhat more plausible indications of a pedigree. This picture is said to have been transported into Germany in the time of the first French Revolution; and to have thus fallen into the hands of a Jew, who, ignorant of its value, sold it to a Dutch family. At the death of one of its members, the picture passed, by public sale, into the hands of M. Jacques Jaeger, a merchant of Elberfeld. The artists of Dusseldorf declare it to be, so it is said, one of Rubens's greatest works. It is in good preservation, 42 inches high by 50 long, and contains seventeen figures from 2 to 2½ feet in height.

MUSIC.

The Parish Choir: or, Church Music Book. No. XI. with Supplement. Ollivier.

THE purpose of this publication is not only to place in the hands of parish choirs a good selection of church music, but to teach them how to use it. The instructions are admirably adapted for those who are resolved to accomplish themselves in singing, and the music is of the choicest to be found in those rich stores of church harmonies, for which England stands unrivalled.

MR. SEVERN'S CONCERT.

On Thursday, this accomplished musician gave an Evening Concert at the Hanover-square Rooms, to a crowded and discriminating audience. The chief feature of the concert was a serenata, by Mr. SEVERN himself, styled *The Spirit of the Shell*, which occupied the entire of the first part of the programme. The words are by Mr. WYMAN, and the idea (equally felicitous for the development of genius in the poet and musician) is that of articulating the Æolian music, which the ear, quickened by imagination, detects in the convolutions of a shell. WORDSWORTH, if we remember rightly, has produced some exquisite lines on this subject. The verses of Mr. WYMAN are graceful, but rarely poetical; they, nevertheless, afford the composer opportunity for recitative, airs, choruses, &c. which he has turned to good account, producing several charming, and one or two striking, compositions. One song especially delighted us—*Ah, tell me not that I am safe*, by Miss BIRCH, who delivered it with that feeling and propriety for which her singing is remarkable. The orchestral part of this cantata is judiciously and ably arranged, and proves that Mr. SEVERN has considerable skill in instrumentation. The band, under the leadership of Mr. T. COOKE, and the chorists, were ample and effective; and moved, under the conduct of Mr. SEVERN, in discipline and with a government rarely attained by performers who, like these, have seldom played together. The second part of the programme was a miscellaneous but choice selection from the works of MOZART, WEBER, DONIZETTI, and SPOHR, of the foreign, and HORSLEY, WEBBE, LODGE, and SEVERN, of the English musicians. A duett by the conductor, *Come again*, sung by Mrs. SEVERN and Mr. ALLEN, especially struck us, by the beauty of its melody and the happy adaptation of the parts. Two distinct airs run through this duett. Miss DOLBY's singing of

WEBER's beautiful ballad, *Oh, Araby, dear Araby*, was characterized by a happy interpretation of the composer's feeling, and received with acclamation. Mrs. SEVERN sang very sweetly a romance by her husband, *Why dost thou wound and break my heart?* from HERRICK; and Miss BIRCH that delightful song by WEBER, *If a youth should meet a maiden*. Messrs. WETTERBEE, SHOUBRIDGE, LOCKEY, HAWKINS, and LEFFLER, sang some glees which have long been established favourites with the public; and Mr. ALLEN gave that touching song by E. LODER, from the new opera "The Night Dancers," *Wake, my love, all life is stirring*, in a manner that did justice to the composer and great credit to himself. A candidate for public favour—Mr. HENRY WEBB—made his first appearance as a violinist. Though he is deficient in energy of expression, his *tone* is often thin, and his *bowing* without style, he has several good qualities: he is an excellent *timeist*, and plays with distinctness and accuracy; so that, on the whole, he promises to be a superior artist. Mr. JOHN PARRY gave his song, *The London Season*, which, being encored as usual, was followed by *The French Lesson*, and both were received with the rapturous merriment which always follows the performances of this interesting musician. On the whole, the concert (though, like most concerts, a little too long) went off with spirit; the large audience stopped to the last, and were evidently gratified with their entertainment; indeed, throughout the evening they gave unequivocal proofs of the satisfaction which Mr. SEVERN's genius as a composer, and judgment as a selector of music, afforded them.

MUSICAL GOSSIP.—*Milan*.—Reeves continues to be a great favourite here; he is said to be engaged at Vienna, for the spring, as *primo tenore*. Mr. Jones, another Englishman, is engaged at Genoa to sing in Verdi's opera of *Attila*. He was much liked at Verona, where he sung in Verdi's *Ernani*. Miss Susan Hobbs has made her *debut* at Varese, but we have not yet heard with what success. *Paris*.—A new opera, called *Gybbly la Cornemuse*, the poem by Leuven and Brunswick, the music by Clapisson, has been produced at the Opera Comique here with success, the principal parts sustained by Roger, Mademoiselle Delille, Madame St. Foix, MM. Henry and Grignon. Clapisson is known as a popular composer of ballads. Pacini's *La Fidanza Corsica* has been brought out at the Theatre Italien, with Persiani, Mario, and Coletti; it succeeded entirely. *Robert Bruce* is expected to be produced at the Academie about the 10th of December. A new ballet, *La Tatienne*, is in rehearsal for Carlotta Grisi, and a one act opera by Adolphe Adam. Mr. Lumley, director of her Majesty's Theatre, arrived in Paris on Saturday last; he has engaged Madame Montenegro, the Spanish vocalist.—Ernst, the king of German violinists, is on the point of leaving Vienna, on a tour through Russia. Viardot Garcia is creating a *furor* at Berlin in Meyerbeer's *Camp of Silesia*. Meyerbeer is going to Vienna to bring out the same opera. Conradin Kreutzer, a composer of celebrity, has been appointed director of the opera to the court at Vienna, in place of Nicolai, who has accepted a post at Berlin. Conradin Kreutzer is the author of *A Night in Grenada*, an opera, which was performed by the German company in London. Mendelssohn's *Paulus* has been given at Vienna by an orchestra of nearly a thousand. A musical performance took place at Leipzig on the 11th, to celebrate the anniversary of the birthday of Schiller. Verdi is composing a new opera for the Pergola at Florence; the subject from *Macbeth*. Jenny Lind will receive 100,000*fr.* for her four months' engagement at Vienna. Among the operas she is likely to perform in are the *Enchantress* and *Daughter of St. Mark* of Mr. Balfe, whose *Siege of Rochelle* and *Bohemian Girl* have already been produced at the Opera-house in Vienna with great success. Benedict is writing an opera for the Academie Royal of Paris, per order. Monsieur Hippolyte Lucas is the librettist, and report speaks favourably of the story on which his book is founded.—*Musical World*.

The public will receive with more than usual interest the news that Dr. Mendelssohn is expected in London early next spring, to superintend a performance—we hope performances—of his "Elijah," by the Sacred Harmonic Society. Another good promise is made by Mr. Hullah's pupils, in aid of the funds which they are gathering for their Music Hall; namely, a series of four concerts, illustrative of English vocal music. We may add (being solicitous to see English talent taking what seems its most natural direction), that there is rumour of a Psalm, by Mr. Charles Horsley, being brought forward by the Society of Choral Harmonists, in the course of their coming season. The Philharmonic Directors, too, are said to be catering sundry novelties. Some one or other among these societies would gain credit by availing itself of Dr. Mendelssohn's presence to produce his

"Lauda Sion," which was so imperfectly presented at Liège, or his choruses to Racine's "Athalie."

HINTS FOR PIANISTES.—Have your pianoforte tuned at least four times in the year, by an experienced tuner; if you allow it to go too long without tuning, it usually becomes flat, and troubles a tuner to get it to stay at concert pitch, especially in the country. Never place the instrument against an outside wall, or in a cold or damp room, particularly in a country house; there is no greater enemy to a pianoforte than damp. Close the instrument immediately after your practice; by leaving it open, dust fixes on the sound-board, and corrodes the movements, and if in a damp room, the strings soon rust. Should the pianoforte stand near or opposite to a window, guard, if possible, against its being opened, especially on a wet or damp day; and when the sun is on the window, draw the blind down. Avoid putting metallic or other articles on or in the pianoforte; such things frequently cause unpleasant vibrations, and sometimes injure the instrument. The more equal the temperature of the room, and the less the soft pedal is used, the better the piano will stand in tune.—*Musical World*.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

FRENCH PLAYS, ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—M. PERLET has been continuing his representations here with great success. We have seen him in three pieces; in *L'homme de Soixante Ans*, in *L'Ambassadeur*, and in *Le Comedien d'Etampes*. In the first, he impersonates an old man of sixty, the unconscious competitor with his own nephew for the hand of the daughter of a mutual friend. The father rejects the younger lover because of his want of the *res pecuniarum*; the fair one, a *jeune entetée*, has cast him off in a quarrel, all the more precious on her part, because utterly unmeaning, so that apparently *L'homme de Soixante Ans* has the field to himself. From various circumstances, however, he finds out the true state of the case, and although the young lady, in the obstinacy of her self-will, goes the length of signing the contract of marriage with the senior, her heart ready to burst all the while—he generously resigns his own claims, and unites the youthful pair, reconciling, without difficulty, the father to the match, and, with much difficulty, the daughter to her own happiness. In *L'Ambassadeur*, M. PERLET is the impudent, knavish *valet-de-chambre-interprete*, as he designates himself, of the Spanish ambassador at Naples, and his business throughout the piece is to manoeuvre into the house a lover of the ambassador's daughter, moved thereto by the promise of two thousand piastres. As a subordinate agent he employs the family milliner, whose part, however, consists simply in the incessant repetition of two words, *J'aime Frederic*, one phase of the plot being to persuade the ambassador that the lover is the lover, not of Mademoiselle, but of the grisette. There is alike no end to the checks encountered by the scheming valet, and to the resources which his exhaustless imagination produces to obviate them. This *sang froid*, under the most imminent risk of detection, is enormously rich, and so is the by-play he employs to direct, under the very nose of the deceived one, the less skilful and less prepared aids in the plot. Yet there is no grimace about his infinite expression. Each variation of feature explains its meaning without the least contortion. In this piece M. PERLET is excellently supported by Mademoiselle BROHAN, in a character previously unattempted by her, and not regularly in her line of parts, but in which she exhibits very unequivocally the great versatility of her talents. Her pert, malicious *J'aime Frederic! J'aime Frederic! J'aime Frederic!* energetically insisted on without her having the slightest notion of what it all means, is amusing in the extreme. *Le Comedien d'Etampes* is the original of *He would be an Actor*, a pleasant comediotta produced some years ago at the Olympic, when under the direction of Madame VESTRIS, and in which CHARLES MATHEWS, the adaptor of the piece, filled the part of the strolling player, *Modus*. We have a most agreeable recollection of his performance of the character, so that after seeing the great original, we doubt whether we should like the copy so well as heretofore. The fact is, that in this as in all his other parts, CHARLES MATHEWS is deficient in stamina, in *aplomb*, whereas PERLET, even in his strict personations, manifests the abundant possession of this essential quality; there is always a distinct purpose in what he says, does, and looks. M. DUMERY, one of the very ablest of Mr. MITCHELL's *troupe*, filled the part of the impudent, swaggering cockcomb, against whom the plot is directed, with capital effect, notwithstanding a very severe cold, which would have prostrated most English actors, endowed with less animal spirits. We are to have next week SCHREY's *Bertrand et Rolen*, with a capital cast, comprising PERLET, CARTIGNY, RHOZEY, and BROHAN; and the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* is in active preparation.

We advise our readers by no means to neglect either of these productions. Another comedy in active rehearsal is SAMSON'S *Les Trois Crispins*, ou *Les Famille Porsson*, a piece which has been crowned with triumphant success at the Theatre Français, a success eminently promoted by Mademoiselle BROHAN, who, in her Parisian arena, fills the principal characters, as she will of course do here.

THE HAYMARKET.—A musical sketch, entitled *The Young Pretender*, has been produced here, and received with such well-merited applause, that it is repeated every evening. The story is an episode in the adventurous career of Prince CHARLES EDWARD, who, flying from place to place after the battle of Culloden, comes to a house in the Isle of Skye, the mistress of which, Mrs. Margaret Craiggie, is a friend to the existing government in Church and State, a sort of Lady Billenden. Her niece, however, Mary Annadale, has a lover, Captain O'Neal, who is a devoted adherent of the proscribed prince, and she is therefore well disposed to aid and abet in any project for the outlaw's safety. The captain presents her with the opportunity of manifesting her zeal, by bringing Charles Edward, disguised as a servant of his, to Mrs. Craiggie's house, at the very moment when it has also under its roof a militia officer, Captain Cocker, engaged with a party of his men in the very task of seeking the fugitive. After a while, a fortunate chance, judiciously taken advantage of, gets the Prince out of the house undiscovered; but he has scarce gone, when Captain Cocker receives information on the subject which shows him who the supposed servant is. He is, however, prevented for a while from going in pursuit of him by the manoeuvres of Captain O'Neal and Mary Annadale, the former of whom works upon his cupidity by assuring him that the prince's affairs are in excellent train, while the latter, who dresses herself as the Prince, corroborates the flaming accounts of these successes, and promises the venal captain promotion and high fortune. The cheat is, of course, detected, but not until the *Young Pretender* is beyond pursuit. The piece is excellently played. Mr. HUDSON'S Captain O'Neal is spirited and lively; and there are several songs, the agreeable composition of Mr. A'BECKETT, and sung by him and Miss HORTON, which give great effect to the piece. BUCKSTONE is the base, grasping, cowardly, militia officer, and his manner of filling the part may be readily imagined. The only wonder is that, for any salary, people will consent to fill parts, even on the stage, so thoroughly mean and contemptible, lest the very perfection of the acting should suggest immoral perfection in the actor; for it seems an obvious question how a man can embody with such thorough mastery and appreciation a character with which his own soul, as it were, is not absolutely identified.

ETHIOPIAN SERENADERS.—Messrs. PELL, GERMAN, HARRINGTON, WHITE, and STANWOOD, who, as the Ethiopian serenaders, obtained such popularity at the St. James's Theatre last season, and who have since been prosecuting a highly successful campaign in the provinces, will resume their entertainments at the same theatre on the 16th instant, and are announced for every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, throughout the Christmas holidays, and they will constitute a great treat to the Christmas holiday-makers, great and small. We ourselves were never more entertained than we have repeatedly been with their performances. For the greater *vraisemblance*, externally, however, we should be decidedly in favour of their having a costume more in unison with their assumed characters. We imagine that no one ever saw *gen'l'men ob culla*, even the most "dandy Broadway swells," attired in the full evening style of the *pale faces*. Our notion of a regular, dashing American negro turn out is altogether different. We see CÆSAR and POMPEY, and both are very like, specially POMPEY, adorned in the lightest of blue coats, with swallow-tail extending below the calf, and infinite in vast brass buttons; his vest is a brilliant yellow; his flaming trowsers, the lightest brown, or perchance striped tri-color; his stockings are snow white; his pumps, shined by his own hands, two mirrors; his kerchief, of ample fold, is a splendid scarlet; over his waistcoat ranges a mosaic cable, from which is pendent a huge ditto key; and on his fingers glitter several large rings of the same imposing material. He wears an eye-glass, and though his hands are large, his white Berlioz are larger. Such is our notion of the attire of those whom the Ethiopian Serenaders impersonate; and thus, therefore, do we conceive the Serenaders should be attired. The attire might be less genteel, but it would be more genuine, and, as we think, far more illusive. However, whether in quiet black, or in gaudy pantaloon set forth, heartily welcome back be the Ethiopian Serenaders.

BAL MASQUE.—Possibly the last masquerade that will—at any rate, for a long period—take place at Covent Garden, was celebrated there on Monday night. When we have said that it was under the superintendence of M. JULLIEN as to the Terpsichorean or musical department, and under the direction of Mr. F. GYE as to all the rest, we have said that the arrangements were perfect. There was an enormous crowd, and two or three at-

tempts to get up a row, but each attempt was signally defeated by the operation of the precautions taken by Mr. GYE. We do not know how many thousands were present, but the number was precisely identical with the number which the theatre is capable of holding at the very highest pressure. When we say it is capable, we should rather say *was*, for by this time we suppose the interior of the theatre is wholly gutted, to make way for the perfectly different arrangement which the New Italian Opera House will present. In reference to the New Italian Opera, we cannot but express our gratification at the determination to which the proprietors have at length come, that there shall be a ballet as well as an opera. We now feel an entire confidence in the success of the undertaking—a confidence which we were compelled to deny ourselves before. As to M. JULLIEN, he has, we understand, taken time by the forelock, and already advanced very far in his negotiations for the transference to him of the Pantheon, which, in his hands, will be once more applied to its former purposes, music and the dance. We do not care how soon the change takes place. The general principle, we suppose, will be the admission of the universal public, properly attired of course, at the popular price of a shilling. Supplementary to this, however, we are well convinced that *sourees dansantes*, still at a moderate price, but to which none shall be admitted but on authentication in some way, would be eminently popular, given, say twice a week, throughout the season, at an admission of, say, half-a-crown each person, thoroughly genuine refreshments being supplied at corresponding charges. There is nothing of which the middling classes and the upper *bourgeoise* stand more in need in this country, than of such a facility as this. Where the admission is indiscriminate, even at a comparatively high price, be the regulations whatever they may, we cannot invite a lady to dance without the imminent risk of having one's pocket picked by one's partner, which is extremely disagreeable, and tends to promote acerbity.

PRINCESS'S.—A new farce has been produced here, successfully, we find from our morning contemporaries. We will report upon it next week.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—MR. ALLCROFT'S CONCERTS.—These delightful concerts continue to be crowded; and well they may be, for the music is very choice and excellently performed. The DISTINS are in themselves a host, and they are most liberal with their music. The New Polka is the best that has been brought out for a twelvemonth. Master THAIRLWELL performs miracles on the violin. Overtures are deliciously played. Song and glee are interspersed, and altogether the visitor enjoys as ample and as charming a musical treat for a shilling as he can obtain at the best of the half-guinea concerts.

MR. BETTY.—We see that this promising actor is performing in the provinces with great applause, and to crowded houses. The local journals speak very highly of his abilities.

THE WALHALLA, LICESTER SQUARE.—*Tableaux vivans* are all the rage now, and they form attractive exhibitions, for great taste is exercised, at these rooms especially, in the grouping of the pictures. Some of the tableaux, as "*Venus rising from the Sea*," "*The Lyrist*," "*Venus attired by the Graces*," "*The Death of Abel*," "*a Bacchanalian Revel*," &c. are exquisitely beautiful—perfect studies of art.

NECROLOGY.

GEORGE DARLEY.

(From the *Athenæum*.)

It is with the sorrow which attends at once the departure of an old friend and the loss of a valued fellow-labourer, that we record the decease of George Darley; which took place on Monday last, at an age when many are—as he was—in the plenitude of their imagination and intellectual vigour. His health, always delicate, had been for some months decaying; and the event which adds an especial sadness to our own chronicle of the year was rather the gentle going out of the flame of life, than a sudden or suffering severance of soul and body. Mr. Darley was a native of Ireland. He came to London when young; connected himself with the *London Magazine*; and gave his life up, thenceforth, to literature, science and art—but without entering sufficiently into the struggle to gain the prominence to which his genius, and his exact and various acquisitions entitled him. A poet, in the highest sense of the word, which as Milton has warned us, includes "the honourablest things"—it was his principle, no less than his pleasure, to make his desires conform to his modest fortunes, and thus secure to himself the undisturbed exercise of his powers. In this exercise, perhaps, he was too fastidious. But a sadder reason rendered his life uneventful and retired—and, it may be, gave their colour to his literary efforts. An impediment in his speech was felt by him to be so severe a disqualification, that he escaped from society as perseveringly as many others, with fewer qualifications either to shine or to please

there, would have courted it. His life was divided, for the last fifteen years, between foreign travel, the intimacy of a very few dear and chosen friends, and his dreams and labours of literature. By many of the last the *Athenæum* has profited:—and their cessation, we have reason to know, will be long and widely regretted. As an illustration of the strength of the "ruling passion," we may call attention to the note on "Dante's Beatrice," published by us only last week, and written from his death-bed. Without attempting to reclaim or enumerate fugitive contributions to periodicals, or small editorial tasks, we believe the following will be nearly a complete list of Mr. Darley's published writings:—"The Errors of Extasie," a poem: "The Labours of Idleness," a miscellany of prose and verse,—which, though in its day little successful, has furnished many a page to the borrowers,—and been, we are told, ascribed to others than its author; "Silvia, or the May Queen," a quaint fairy legend,—containing some exquisite descriptive and lyrical poetry; "The Nephenthe;" of which two cantos only were privately published,—a visionary mystical poem, only too rich in thought and allusion; and the two dramatic chronicles, "Thomas à Becket," and "Ethelstan." The other works by Mr. Darley that we can name, are his Introduction to Mr. Moxon's edition of "Beaumont and Fletcher"—hastily undertaken to supply the place of Mr. Southey; and two or three small popular treatises on mathematics and astronomy. That the attention which Mr. Darley's poems commanded has been unequal to their merits, every true lover of poetry to whom they are familiar will feel: for a true lover, as we understand the word, will allow for an almost bewildering exuberance of fancies, the offspring of self-indulgent loneliness—for occasional singularities of humour and language, as natural to one who had "commenced" so intimately with ancient literature,—and for a knowledge of passion and insight into character, greater than such experience of life as lends the imaginative creator to prefer what is probable for his subjects and symmetrical in their elaboration. These peculiarities granted,—there remain excursions of invention, vigour of expression, and delicious sweetness of versification—rare in any day,—in right of which, the name of George Darley ought to stand high among the poets of his time. As a critic, it would be difficult to rate him too highly. Though his manner might be too uncompromising, and his language made perhaps too poignant by characteristic allusions, distinctions, and similes to suit those who shrink from the more severe aspect of truth—though his periods were at times "freaked" with eccentricities of phrase which in most other persons would have been conceit—his fine and liberal organization, which made him sensitive to Poetry, Painting, and Music, and to their connexion—his exact and industriously gathered knowledge—above all, his resolution to uphold the loftiest standard and recommend the noblest aims—gave to his essays a vitality and an authority which will be long felt. Intolerant of pretension, disdainful of mercenary ambition, and indignant at sluggishness or conceit,—he will be often referred to, by the sincere and generous spirits of literature and art, as one whose love of truth was equalled by his perfect preparation for every task that he undertook; and whose praise was worth having—not because it was rarely given, but because it was never withheld save upon good grounds.

JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, INVENTIONS, AND IMPROVEMENTS.

HIGHTON'S ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.—An improvement in Electric Telegraphs has lately been patented by Mr. Highton, of Rugby, and purchased by the Electric Telegraph Company (the present proprietors of Cooke and Wheatstone's patents), which is likely to prove of considerable importance in telegraphic communication. The improvement consists mainly in the substitution of a slip of metallic leaf, with a magnet placed near it, for the old coil of wire and magnetic needles. The advantages gained by this change are many and great:—1st. Its cheapness.—A couple of coils and needles, &c. such as are at present used, cost 20*l*.; whereas, the corresponding apparatus, on the new plan, does not cost more than 20*s*.—a difference of 1,900 per cent. 2nd. In delicacy.—With the new apparatus, a battery of a single cell will work through 100 miles of wire. This gives many collateral advantages. For instance, it may be employed with great advantage in derived circuits. Thus, dividing the current in two or more parts, the same news may be transmitted direct from Liverpool to London, while at the very same time the same fluid is travelling through two derived circuits, and conveying the same information through Bristol on the one side, and Cambridge and York on the other. 3rd. The greater rapidity of motion.—Gold leaf being almost without weight, and consequently without momentum—immediately after the signal is made, the leaf drops dead down without oscillation or swinging, which always take place more or less with the needles. 4th.

By a slight change in the construction of the keys or handles which serve as commutators, double or even treble the number of signals may be made with each slip of gold leaf to what can be made with the needles. With a needle, in consequence of its oscillation, only one power of electricity can be employed; whereas, with the gold leaf, two or three different powers may be employed, deflecting the gold leaf to a less or greater extent, and consequently multiplying in a corresponding ratio the number of different signals given. 5th. The portability.—One of the gold leaf apparatus may be carried about in the pocket, and applied to use for any temporary purpose at any point of the country in the course of a minute or two. 6th. In consequence of the cheap and simple nature of the apparatus, a large reserve may always be kept ready for use at each station, so that if one apparatus be damaged by lightning or other cause, another may be substituted for it in a few seconds. 7th. The less resistance offered to the passage of the fluid.—Every one of the coils in use at present offers a resistance equivalent to about six miles of wire; whereas, the new instrument is equal to not more than a few hundred yards. Thus, on the new plan, the same message or information may be conveyed through almost any number of stations throughout the country, without making any perceptible difference in the power of the battery required. This facility of multiplying telegraphic stations may, under many circumstances, be of very great importance. Having these advantages, it must soon entirely supersede the old needle telegraph, and will probably be for the present the form of telegraph used throughout the world, till it is, in its turn, superseded by some new invention.

ROYAL SOCIETY AND M. LE VERRIER.—The anniversary meeting of the Royal Society was held at their apartments in Somerset House on Monday last (St. Andrew's Day), on which occasion the noble president, the Marquis of Northampton, delivered his customary annual address, passing under review the progress of science during the past year. The Copley gold medal, which was happily called by Sir H. Davy "the ancient olive crown of the Royal Society," was awarded to M. Le Verrier, and received for him, at his request, by Sir J. Herschel. One of the Royal gold medals, and the Rumford gold medal, were awarded to Professor Faraday, for his brilliant discoveries in magnetism, published in the Philosophical Transactions; and the second royal gold medal was awarded to Professor Owen, for his able and elaborate paper "on the Belemnite," also published in the Transactions. The officers and counsel for the ensuing year were then elected, after which the Society dined together at the Crown and Anchor, the Marquis of Northampton presiding, supported by Sir J. Herschel, Sir B. Brodie, Sir R. Murchison, &c.

LITTLE'S DOUBLE-ACTION PRINTING MACHINE.—When the "Fast Machines," or those used for printing the daily papers, attained the length of producing five thousand impressions an hour, it was supposed that mechanical ingenuity had utterly exhausted itself in this line of invention. But there has been just patented a machine which is capable of more than trebling that amount of work! One of eight cylinders can positively print 15,750 sheets per hour! Nay, one of four rollers only—the number used in the ordinary "fast machines," can produce 9,000 sheets per hour! Since Koenig's first application of steam to printing, there has not been a greater advance in the art than this.—*Mechanics' Magazine.*

THE ALBERT CRAVAT.—One of the most recent improvements in costume is the Albert cravat, which preserves its proper springiness without inconvenient pressure. It differs from anything of the kind before invented in many particulars.—See Advertisement.

JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

The Phrenological Journal and Magazine of Moral Science. No. LXXXIX, for October 1846. Edinburgh: Maclachlan and Co.

The Phrenological Journal is the only periodical in our language entirely devoted to mental and moral science, and, therefore, invaluable to all who interest themselves in that loftiest and most profitable employment of the intellect. As such, it will always receive from *THE CRITIC* a more respectful and more elaborate notice than can be claimed by periodicals that contribute only to the frivolous amusement of an idle hour, and especially as in its pages are usually to be found many curious and interesting facts calculated for pleasing extract, and which the most indolent reader may peruse not only with profit but with delight. Hence we make no apology for the seemingly disproportioned space allotted to this periodical.

The first paper in the new number is an "Essay on

the works of RAPHAEL," by MR. GEORGE COMBE, the purpose of which is to shew how Phrenology may be applied to the Fine Arts. He plunges at once into his subject, and thus at the very opening explains

HOW WE LOOK AT PICTURES.

Every spectator sees a picture in his own way, and he perceives its different elements with a degree of vivacity and interest corresponding to the development and cultivation of his own mental faculties. The individual who has a low quality of brain, and little Form, Colouring, and Ideality, will be little affected by beautiful forms and colouring, or even by fine expression; but if he have much Individuality and Imitation, he may be greatly gratified by minute and successful representations of objects with which he is familiar. If another have large organs of Ideality, Causality, and Comparison, with a high temperament, but be deficient in Individuality and Imitation, he may despise imitation as an object of art, and demand grand general ideas, expressed in corresponding forms and colours. A spectator in whom any organ or group of organs is large, will recognise and feel interested in the natural language of that organ or group, as it is expressed in the face and attitudes of the figures. Hence, men in whom the base of the brain, the intellectual organs, and those of ideality, are large, and the coronal region deficient, sympathise with, and delight in, what they call the fine vigorous manly characters of pirates, banditti, bores, and outlaws; they are interested also by pictures representing tortures, slayings, and other horrors of human action and suffering; while the truest, most lively, and (to differently constituted men) most captivating expression of the moral sentiments appears to them comparatively flat, stale, and unprofitable. If this combination of the organs of the propensities and sentiments be reversed in the spectator, the latter qualities will challenge all his sympathies, while he will turn away with aversion from the former representations. He will possess a tact or instinct, by which he will recognise and appreciate certain moral characteristics, in living man, and in pictures and statuary, to which an individual deficient in the coronal region will be nearly blind. The latter may see them, because he possesses the moral organs to some extent; but his mental sympathies will be as limited as his cerebral development, and his interest will be low in proportion to it. The same remarks may be applied to the individual organs; each acts spontaneously when representations of its own objects are presented to it, and then it gives rise to its own emotions and impressions. When the impressions are agreeable, we call the objects beautiful; when disagreeable, we condemn them as plain, or ugly; and when indifferent, we call them insipid. Hence, most persons have some instinctive taste for the fine arts; but it is equally obvious how each should form a judgment concerning them in some degree peculiar to himself, corresponding to his own special combination of organs, and his opportunities of mental cultivation. If he be unacquainted with the physiology of the brain, and the mental philosophy of which it is the basis, he will, through the want of definite principles common to himself and others, and also through ignorance of his own peculiar constitution, and of the relations of art to the different combinations of faculties which occur among men, find it difficult to convey to other minds the impressions which he receives from particular works of art, and meet with a corresponding difficulty in understanding fully the foundations of their opinions concerning the qualities which gratify or offend them. His judgments in art will, therefore, be essentially empirical; they will be founded on his individual impressions, much more than on general or universal principles.

Besides this source of pleasure, common to all men, there is another derived from contemplation of the skill exhibited in the execution. That pleasure is almost confined to those who have made the technical details of art a subject of study. To this are referable the raptures of some amateurs about works in which the ordinary spectator can discover little or nothing to admire.

The defects of critics of art may be traced to their forgetting to discriminate the different sources of interest in works of art. The critic blames or praises according to his own feelings, without assigning a reason, not considering that the emotions of other

minds differ from his own. Hence the necessity of adopting some principles by which the judgment of works of art may be determined, apart from the accidental emotions of individual minds. The purpose of Mr. G. COMBE in this essay is to see whether phrenology might not supply those principles, and how it may be employed in the study of art.

Phrenology is useful, in the first place, by enabling the observer to distinguish the character of his own mind, and to appreciate its powers and qualities as an instrument of observation and judgment in art; secondly, by enabling him to analyse and understand the sources of interest in the fine arts. These he classifies under a sixfold division.

1st. A knowledge of the manipulations necessary to attain success in drawing, modelling, and colouring; and an appreciation of the difficulties which must be surmounted in applying these means to the production of works of art. These constitute the technical elements of art.

2nd. The interest which arises from beauty of form, as addressed simply to the faculty of Form.

3rd. The interest which arises from beauty of proportion, as addressed simply to the faculty of Size.

4th. The interest which arises from beauty of colouring, as addressed simply to the faculty of Colouring.

5th. The interest which arises from grouping or composition, as addressed simply to the faculties of Locality and Order.

A work of art may possess these qualities in a high degree, as is evinced by some of the pictures of Andrea del Sarto, and nevertheless be deficient in the last and greatest source of pleasure, namely,—

6th. The interest which arises from the work as a vehicle of expression—as embodying the natural language of human propensity, sentiment, and intellectual power.

Mr. COMBE then proceeds to illustrate these principles by the works of RAPHAEL, but for that the reader must refer to the journal itself; it is too long for extract.

The second article is on "the Circulation within the Skull," of which a very minute account is given, but somewhat too technical for the general reader, and therefore we pass it by to come to

"Dr. WEIR's Concluding Address to his Phrenological Class, in Anderson's University, Glasgow." The reader is aware that a professorship of Phrenology was some time since founded at this university. From the opening lecture we extracted into THE CRITIC many interesting passages. Since that time, the professor has been proceeding with his work to a class daily augmenting in numbers. His address at the close of the session is equally deserving of notice, and from it we take a single passage.

PHRENOLOGY VINDICATED.

If the true phrenological doctrines were properly understood, and always recollected, viz. that none of the faculties, according to the phrenological system, are bad in themselves; that all are good when properly used and exercised, and all are bad only when improperly directed; that the three orders of faculties—the impulses or propensities, the sentiments or moral feelings, and the intellectual powers—may act independently of one another; that every sane person possesses them all, but that men are originally very differently endowed with the whole of them; that the two former classes are mere feelings, blind in themselves, but intended to be controlled and directed by the intellect; that the appearance of the head indicates general powers only, and that these are capable of being directed in a vast variety of ways by education, moral training, and other external circumstances;—if these few simple facts were known, and always recollected, almost the whole of the objections which have been brought against the science would disappear. The time I trust is not far distant when this will be the case. One thing is quite certain, that just in proportion as the true principles of the science become accurately known, the objections and hostility to it will disappear, and it will be universally acknowledged as the

most correct representation of human nature that has ever been depicted.

(To be continued.)

SLEEP-WALKING.—Two nights ago the tenant of an attic of a house in the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre perceived the shadow of a human body passing across his window. On getting up and looking out, he saw distinctly a woman walking along the gutter, stop for a minute at the next window, and then go on to a third, by which she entered a room in the same house, which he knew to be unoccupied. Believing her to be a thief, he called a neighbour, and they went together into the room. Here they found the servant of a lady of the house in a state of somnambulism, busily employed in hemming a pocket-handkerchief. They carefully awoke her, and when she recovered her senses they led her back to her own room. The way by which she had come was so narrow and dangerous that even a person accustomed to work upon roofs would not have attempted it without taking great precautions.—*Paris paper.*

Heirs-at-Law, Next of Kin, &c. Wanted.

[This is part of a complete list now being extracted for THE CRITIC from the advertisements that have appeared in the newspapers during the present century. The reference, with the date and place of each advertisement, cannot be stated here without subjecting the paragraph to duty. But the figures refer to a corresponding entry in a book kept at THE CRITIC OFFICE, where these particulars are preserved, and which will be communicated to any applicant. To prevent impertinent curiosity, a fee of half-a-crown for each inquiry must be paid to the publisher, or if by letter, postage stamps to that amount inclosed.]

501. NEXT OF KIN OF THOMAS SHAW, who, about the year 1783, resided in Virginia, U. S. and subsequently in the City of London. *Something to advantage.*
502. TIMOTHY HOYLE, of Chesswell, near Bacup, Lancaster, afterwards removed to Liverpool. *Something to advantage.*
503. NEXT OF KIN OF SARAH HAWES, late of Streatham-place, Streatham, Surrey (died April 1837).
504. NEXT OF KIN OF JAMES GRANT FERGUSON, late of 50, Monyars-street, Hoxton New Town, journeyman bookbinder, in the employ of Messrs. Remnant and Edmonds, of Paternoster-row.
505. NEXT OF KIN OF REV. S. O'REILLY, Roman Catholic Irish priest, and professor of English at the College of the Propaganda at Smyrna, where he died Dec. 27, 1844.
506. JOHN PRATT, legatee under the will of Michael Borcham, late of Feltham, Middlesex, deceased. *Something to advantage.*
507. JAMES SHARDON, native of Bovey Tracey, Devon, tailor, left his home to go to Liverpool in May 1844, and left Liverpool for London about 1st June.
508. NEXT OF KIN OF SARAH PEARSON, widow of the late James Pearson, who formerly resided in King-street, Islington, and died in 1843. The said Sarah P. was formerly widow of Charles Russell, who resided at Bermondsey at the time of his decease, and her maiden name was Sweetman. *Something to advantage.*
509. NEXT OF KIN OF MRS. JOYCE CHAPMAN, late of 17, Granby-street, Waterloo-road. *Something to advantage.*
510. NEXT OF KIN OF MARY ANN TAYLOR, of Crewkerne, Somerset, spinster (died 15th August, 1843), or their representatives.
511. WILL OF MR. WILLIAM JACKSON, who carried on business for many years at 5, Red Lion-street, Clerkenwell, first as a watch case maker, and afterwards as a wine merchant, (lately dead.) *Reward.*
512. GEORGE STONE, brother to the late Captain Bruce Stone, of the Worcestershire Militia, (or his heir or next of kin.) *Something to advantage.*
513. NEXT OF KIN OF JOHN LAMB, of Birmingham, porter (died April 1837).
514. NEPHEWS AND NIECES OF WILLIAM WINGROVE, formerly of Layton's-buildings, Southwark, and of the New Kent-road, Surrey, deceased, and all persons claiming through them.
515. NEXT OF KIN OF SARAH HARBURM, formerly of Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, Middlesex, and late of Hatfield, Herts, widow, deceased. *Something to advantage.*

(To be continued weekly.)

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

The volumes of THE CRITIC handsomely, strongly, and uniformly bound, as they are completed, at 4s. 6d. each. The stamped numbers may be transmitted by the post, open at the ends, addressed to the Publisher, with a distinctive mark, of which advice should be given in a letter directing how the volumes, when bound, shall be returned. A Portfolio on a new and convenient plan for preserving the current numbers of THE CRITIC may be had at the office, or, by order, through any bookseller in town or country. Price 4s.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Some days since, M. Stanislas Julien presented to the Academy of Sciences, at Paris, a Chinese work, which merits

a word or two of notice in the present circumstances of Agricultural Europe. It is a treatise, in six volumes, with plates, entitled the "Anti-Famine Herbal;" and contains the descriptions and representations of 414 different plants, whose leaves, rinds, stalks, or roots, are fitted to furnish food for the people, when drought, the ravages of locusts, or the overflow of the great rivers have occasioned a failure of rice and grain. The author of this work was the fifth son of the Emperor Hong-Wou, the founder of the Ming dynasty, who ascended the throne in 1368. The present edition—which forms a portion of the voluminous Encyclopædia of Chinese Agriculture, the work of an enlightened minister named Siu-Kouang-Ki, who studied in 1628, under the celebrated missionary Ricci—contains directions as to the means of extracting from the roots, leaves, and fruits of a great number of plants and trees their bitter flavour and unwholesome qualities, and fitting them for human nourishment. Of this book the Chinese government annually prints thousands,—and distributes them gratuitously in those districts which are most exposed to natural calamities.—*Athenæum.*

Mr. Richardson (the traveller of the Great Desert) has just passed through Paris, on his way to England, where he purposes to publish his researches in the parts of Africa he has visited. Mr. Richardson has not only made a journey of 3,000 miles through the heart of Sahara during his tour, but has visited all the countries of the northern coast, including Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, and Tripoli; and there are, probably, few persons so well acquainted with all the details of these countries—now become exceedingly important by the progress of French conquest in that part of the world. We understand that when Mr. Richardson has published his journey, he will return, with a view of making another attempt to penetrate Soudan by the new route, a part of which he has already travelled. The French scientific commission of Algeria, backed by all the means and influence of the Governor, and consisting of some dozen individuals, officers of various grades and high acquirements, have employed nearly two years in collecting a mass of various imperfect details on the Great Desert, and the countries of Northern Africa, whilst the English traveller, by his personal, sole, and unaided enterprise, has obtained, it is said, very important and correct information on these subjects in less than two years; a proof of what individual enterprise may sometimes accomplish under the most cheerless and discouraging circumstances. Mr. Richardson's knowledge of Arabic was of great use to him, for without it his life would several times have been in danger. Mr. Richardson's object was to collect precise information relative to the trade in slaves, and he has thoroughly accomplished it. It is from a country called Zouaich-el-Zhat that Mr. Richardson has gained the most important information on this subject.—*Galignani.*

From Berlin, we learn that the King of Prussia has appointed Dr. Lepsius, the well-known explorer of Egyptian Antiquities, to be Regius Professor of the University of that capital—confering on him, at the same time, the knighthood of the Royal Eagle of Prussia.

The boon which the warden and fellows of All Souls' College, Cambridge, recently conferred upon literature by the publication of a catalogue of their valuable collection of MSS. is now being followed up by the heads and fellows of other colleges, who have engaged the learned editor of the All Souls' catalogue, the Rev. H. O. Cox, Sub-Librarian of the Bodleian, to examine and describe their MSS. with a view of publishing a catalogue of them.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

The Roman Advertiser is the title given to an English newspaper started in Rome, under, it is stated, the editorship of a gentleman named Hemans, but entirely the property of Italians.

REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

From Nov. 28 to Dec. 5.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of THE CRITIC, and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in THE CRITIC. Particulars forwarded by letter will be duly inserted.

the works of RAPHAEL," by Mr. GEORGE COMBE, the purpose of which is to shew how Phrenology may be applied to the Fine Arts. He plunges at once into his subject, and thus at the very opening explains

HOW WE LOOK AT PICTURES.

Every spectator sees a picture in his own way, and he perceives its different elements with a degree of vivacity and interest corresponding to the development and cultivation of his own mental faculties. The individual who has a low quality of brain, and little Form, Colouring, and Ideality, will be little affected by beautiful forms and colouring, or even by fine expression; but if he have much Individuality and Imitation, he may be greatly gratified by minute and successful representations of objects with which he is familiar. If another have large organs of Ideality, Causality, and Comparison, with a high temperament, but be deficient in Individuality and Imitation, he may despise imitation as an object of art, and demand grand general ideas, expressed in corresponding forms and colours. A spectator in whom any organ or group of organs is large, will recognise and feel interested in the natural language of that organ or group, as it is expressed in the face and attitudes of the figures. Hence, men in whom the base of the brain, the intellectual organs, and those of ideality, are large, and the coronal region deficient, sympathise with, and delight in, what they call the fine vigorous manly characters of pirates, banditti, boors, and outlaws; they are interested also by pictures representing tortures, slayings, and other horrors of human action and suffering; while the truest, most lively, and (to differently constituted men) most captivating expression of the moral sentiments appears to them comparatively flat, stale, and unprofitable. If this combination of the organs of the propensities and sentiments be reversed in the spectator, the latter qualities will challenge all his sympathies, while he will turn away with aversion from the former representations. He will possess a tact or instinct, by which he will recognise and appreciate certain moral characteristics, in living man, and in pictures and statuary, to which an individual deficient in the coronal region will be nearly blind. The latter may see them, because he possesses the moral organs to some extent; but his mental sympathies will be as limited as his cerebral development, and his interest will be low in proportion to it. The same remarks may be applied to the individual organs; each acts spontaneously when representations of its own objects are presented to it, and then it gives rise to its own emotions and impressions. When the impressions are agreeable, we call the objects beautiful; when disagreeable, we condemn them as plain, or ugly; and when indifferent, we call them insipid. Hence, most persons have some instinctive taste for the fine arts; but it is equally obvious how each should form a judgment concerning them in some degree peculiar to himself, corresponding to his own special combination of organs, and his opportunities of mental cultivation. If he be unacquainted with the physiology of the brain, and the mental philosophy of which it is the basis, he will, through the want of definite principles common to himself and others, and also through ignorance of his own peculiar constitution, and of the relations of art to the different combinations of faculties which occur among men, find it difficult to convey to other minds the impressions which he receives from particular works of art, and meet with a corresponding difficulty in understanding fully the foundations of their opinions concerning the qualities which gratify or offend them. His judgments in art will, therefore, be essentially empirical; they will be founded on his individual impressions, much more than on general or universal principles.

Besides this source of pleasure, common to all men, there is another derived from contemplation of the skill exhibited in the execution. That pleasure is almost confined to those who have made the technical details of art a subject of study. To this are referable the raptures of some amateurs about works in which the ordinary spectator can discover little or nothing to admire.

The defects of critics of art may be traced to their forgetting to discriminate the different sources of interest in works of art. The critic blames or praises according to his own feelings, without assigning a reason, not considering that the emotions of other

minds differ from his own. Hence the necessity of adopting some principles by which the judgment of works of art may be determined, apart from the accidental emotions of individual minds. The purpose of Mr. G. COMBE in this essay is to see whether phrenology might not supply those principles, and how it may be employed in the study of art.

Phrenology is useful, in the first place, by enabling the observer to distinguish the character of his own mind, and to appreciate its powers and qualities as an instrument of observation and judgment in art; secondly, by enabling him to analyse and understand the sources of interest in the fine arts. These he classifies under a sixfold division.

1st. A knowledge of the manipulations necessary to attain success in drawing, modelling, and colouring; and an appreciation of the difficulties which must be surmounted in applying these means to the production of works of art. These constitute the technical elements of art.

2nd. The interest which arises from beauty of form, as addressed simply to the faculty of Form.

3rd. The interest which arises from beauty of proportion, as addressed simply to the faculty of Size.

4th. The interest which arises from beauty of colouring, as addressed simply to the faculty of Colouring.

5th. The interest which arises from grouping or composition, as addressed simply to the faculties of Locality and Order.

A work of art may possess these qualities in a high degree, as is evinced by some of the pictures of Andrea del Sarto, and nevertheless be deficient in the last and greatest source of pleasure, namely,—

6th. The interest which arises from the work as a vehicle of expression—as embodying the natural language of human propensity, sentiment, and intellectual power.

Mr. COMBE then proceeds to illustrate these principles by the works of RAPHAEL, but for that the reader must refer to the journal itself; it is too long for extract.

The second article is on "the Circulation within the Skull," of which a very minute account is given, but somewhat too technical for the general reader, and therefore we pass it by to come to

"Dr. WEIR's Concluding Address to his Phrenological Class, in Anderson's University, Glasgow." The reader is aware that a professorship of Phrenology was some time since founded at this university. From the opening lecture we extracted into THE CRITIC many interesting passages. Since that time, the professor has been proceeding with his work to a class daily augmenting in numbers. His address at the close of the session is equally deserving of notice, and from it we take a single passage.

PHRENOLOGY VINDICATED.

If the true phrenological doctrines were properly understood, and always recollected, viz. that none of the faculties, according to the phrenological system, are bad in themselves; that all are good when properly used and exercised, and all are bad only when improperly directed; that the three orders of faculties—the impulses or propensities, the sentiments or moral feelings, and the intellectual powers—may act independently of one another; that every sane person possesses them all, but that men are originally very differently endowed with the whole of them; that the two former classes are mere feelings, blind in themselves, but intended to be controlled and directed by the intellect; that the appearance of the head indicates general powers only, and that these are capable of being directed in a vast variety of ways by education, moral training, and other external circumstances;—if these few simple facts were known, and always recollected, almost the whole of the objections which have been brought against the science would disappear. The time I trust is not far distant when this will be the case. One thing is quite certain, that just in proportion as the true principles of the science become accurately known, the objections and hostility to it will disappear, and it will be universally acknowledged as the

most correct representation of human nature that has ever been depicted.

(To be continued.)

SLEEP-WALKING.—Two nights ago the tenant of an attic of a house in the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre perceived the shadow of a human body passing across his window. On getting up and looking out, he saw distinctly a woman walking along the gutter, stop for a minute at the next window, and then go on to a third, by which she entered a room in the same house, which he knew to be unoccupied. Believing her to be a thief, he called a neighbour, and they went together into the room. Here they found the servant of a lady of the house in a state of somnambulism, busily employed in hemming a pocket-handkerchief. They carefully awoke her, and when she recovered her senses they led her back to her own room. The way by which she had come was so narrow and dangerous that even a person accustomed to work upon roofs would not have attempted it without taking great precautions.—*Paris paper.*

Heirs-at-Law, Next of Kin, &c. Wanted.

[This is part of a complete list now being extracted for THE CRITIC from the advertisements that have appeared in the newspapers during the present century. The reference, with the date and place of each advertisement, cannot be stated here without subjecting the paragraph to duty. But the figures refer to a corresponding entry in a book kept at THE CRITIC OFFICE, where these particulars are preserved, and which will be communicated to any applicant. To prevent impertinent curiosity, a fee of half-a-crown for each inquiry must be paid to the publisher, or if by letter, postage stamps to that amount inclosed.]

501. NEXT OF KIN OF THOMAS SHAW, who, about the year 1783, resided in Virginia, U.S. and subsequently in the City of London. *Something to advantage.*
502. TIMOTHY HOYLE, of Chesswell, near Baccup, Lancaster, afterwards removed to Liverpool. *Something to advantage.*
503. NEXT OF KIN OF SARAH HAWES, late of Streatham-place, Streatham, Surrey (died April 1837).
504. NEXT OF KIN OF JAMES GRANT FERGUSON, late of 50, Monyeras-street, Hoxton New Town, journeyman bookbinder, in the employ of Messrs. Remnant and Edmonds, of Paternoster-row.
505. NEXT OF KIN OF REV. S. O'REILLY, Roman Catholic Irish priest, and professor of English at the College of the Propaganda at Smyrna, where he died Dec. 27, 1844.
506. JOHN PARATT, legatee under the will of Michael Borcham, late of Feltham, Middlesex, deceased. *Something to advantage.*
507. JAMES SHARDON, native of Bovey Tracey, Devon, tailor, left his home to go to Liverpool in May 1844, and left Liverpool for London about 1st June.
508. NEXT OF KIN OF SARAH PEARSON, widow of the late James Pearson, who formerly resided in King-street, Islington, and died in 1843. The said Sarah P. was formerly widow of Charles Bussell, who resided at Bermondsey at the time of his decease, and her maiden name was Sweetman. *Something to advantage.*
509. NEXT OF KIN OF MRS. JOYCE CHAPMAN, late of 17, Granby-street, Waterloo-road. *Something to advantage.*
510. NEXT OF KIN OF MARY ANN TAYLOR, of Crewkerne, Somerset, spinster (died 15th August, 1843), or their representatives.
511. WILL OF MR. WILLIAM JACKSON, who carried on business for many years at 5, Red Lion-street, Clerkenwell, first as a watch case maker, and afterwards as a wine merchant. (lately dead.) *Reward.*
512. GEORGE STORR, brother to the late Captain Brice Storr, of the Wiltshire Militia, (or his heir or next of kin.) *Something to advantage.*
513. NEXT OF KIN OF JOHN LAMB, of Birmingham, porter (died April 1837).
514. NEPHEWS AND NIECES OF WILLIAM WINGROVE, formerly of Layton's-buildings, Southwark, and of the New Kent-road, Surrey, deceased, and all persons claiming through them.
515. NEXT OF KIN OF SARAH HARDNUM, formerly of Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, Middlesex, and late of Hatfield, Herts, widow, deceased. *Something to advantage.*

(To be continued weekly.)

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

The volumes of THE CRITIC handsomely, strongly, and uniformly bound, as they are completed, at 4s. 6d. each. The stamped numbers may be transmitted by the post, open at the ends, addressed to the Publisher, with a distinctive mark, of which advice should be given in a letter directing how the volumes, when bound, shall be returned. A Portfolio on a new and convenient plan for preserving the current numbers of THE CRITIC may be had at the office, or, by order, through any bookseller in town or country. Price 4s.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Some days since, M. Stanislas Julien presented to the Academy of Sciences, at Paris, a Chinese work, which merits

a word or two of notice in the present circumstances of Agricultural Europe. It is a treatise, in six volumes, with plates, entitled the "Anti-Famine Herbal;" and contains the descriptions and representations of 414 different plants, whose leaves, rinds, stalks, or roots, are fitted to furnish food for the people, when drought, the ravages of locusts, or the overflow of the great rivers have occasioned a failure of rice and grain. The author of this work was the fifth son of the Emperor Hong-Wou, the founder of the Ming dynasty, who ascended the throne in 1368. The present edition—which forms a portion of the voluminous Encyclopædia of Chinese Agriculture, the work of an enlightened minister named Siu-Kouang-Ki, who studied in 1628, under the celebrated missionary Ricci—contains directions as to the means of extracting from the roots, leaves, and fruits of a great number of plants and trees their bitter flavour and unwholesome qualities, and fitting them for human nourishment. Of this book the Chinese government annually prints thousands,—and distributes them gratuitously in those districts which are most exposed to natural calamities.—*Athenæum.*

Mr. Richardson (the traveller of the Great Desert) has just passed through Paris, on his way to England, where he purposes to publish his researches in the parts of Africa he has visited. Mr. Richardson has not only made a journey of 3,000 miles through the heart of Sahara during his tour, but has visited all the countries of the northern coast, including Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, and Tripoli; and there are, probably, few persons so well acquainted with all the details of these countries—now become exceedingly important by the progress of French conquest in that part of the world. We understand that when Mr. Richardson has published his journey, he will return, with a view of making another attempt to penetrate Soudan by the new route, a part of which he has already travelled. The French scientific commission of Algeria, backed by all the means and influence of the Governor, and consisting of some dozen individuals, officers of various grades and high acquirements, have employed nearly two years in collecting a mass of various imperfect details on the Great Desert, and the countries of Northern Africa, whilst the English traveller, by his personal, sole, and unaided enterprise, has obtained, it is said, very important and correct information on these subjects in less than two years; a proof of what individual enterprise may sometimes accomplish under the most cheerless and discouraging circumstances. Mr. Richardson's knowledge of Arabic was of great use to him, for without it his life would several times have been in danger. Mr. Richardson's object was to collect precise information relative to the trade in slaves, and he has thoroughly accomplished it. It is from a country called Zouaich-el-Zhat that Mr. Richardson has brought the most important information on this subject.—*Galignani.*

From Berlin, we learn that the King of Prussia has appointed Dr. Lepsius, the well-known explorer of Egyptian Antiquities, to be Regius Professor of the University of that capital—confering on him, at the same time, the knighthood of the Royal Eagle of Prussia.

The boon which the warden and fellows of All Souls' College, Cambridge, recently conferred upon literature by the publication of a catalogue of their valuable collection of MSS. is now being followed up by the heads and fellows of other colleges, who have engaged the learned editor of the All Souls' catalogue, the Rev. H. O. Cox, Sub-Librarian of the Bodleian, to examine and describe their MSS. with a view of publishing a catalogue of them.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

The Roman Advertiser is the title given to an English newspaper started in Rome, under, it is stated, the editorship of a gentleman named Hemans, but entirely the property of Italians.

REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

From Nov. 28 to Dec. 5.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of THE CRITIC, and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in THE CRITIC. Particulars forwarded by letter will be duly inserted.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Banking Almanac, Directory and Diary for 1847, 8vo. 2s. cl.—Bogue's European Library, vol. 14, "Lives of Italian Painters," post. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.—John's Standard Library, vol. 13, "Memoirs of Col. Hutchinson," post. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Bridges' (Rev. C.) Exposition of the Book of Proverbs, 2 vols. 12mo. 12s. cl.—Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, Illustrated, crown folio, 27s. 6d. cl.—Burns's Select Library, vol. 3, "History of Don Quixote," 12mo. 6s. cl.
- Carleton's (W.) Valentine McClutchy, illustrated by "Phiz," 1 vol. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Chess Chronicle (The), by H. Staunton, esq. vol. 7, 8vo. 15s. cl.
- D'Arblay's (Mad.) Diary and Letters, vol. 7, with Index, &c. post. 8vo. 10s. cl.—Du Cange's Glossarium Medicæ et Infimæ Latinitatis, cum Supplementis Integris Carpentierii, &c. 6 vols. 4to. 18l. 13s. bds.
- Emma De Lissau, with illustrations by Gilbert, new edit. fc. 7s. cl.
- Freemasons' Pocket Book and Calendar for 1847, 2s. 6d. roan tuck.
- Great Commandment (The), by the late Caroline Fry, fcap. 6s. cl.
- Hamilton's (Rev. J.) Church in the House, and other Tracts, 16mo. 2s. cl.—Hook's (Dr. W. F.) Short Meditations for every Day in the Year, Part I. "Advent to Lent," 12mo. 6s. 6d. cl.
- Illuminated Musical Almanack for 1847, folio, 2s. 6d. swd. gilt.
- Jeffrey's (Lord) Contributions to the Edinburgh Review, 2nd edit. 3 vols. 8vo. 24. 2s. cl.
- Last Day (The), 2nd edit. fcap. 2s. 6d. cl.—Law Digest, a General Index to the Law enacted and decided between the 1st of January and the 30th of June, 1846, Part II. in a wrapper, price 6s. 6d.—Le Reux's Memorials of Cambridge, new edit. 2 vols. 8vo. 24s. cl.—Licensed Victuallers' and Beer Retailers' Guide and Almanac for 1847, 12mo. 1s. swd.—Lucretia, or the Children of Night, by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, 3 vols. post. 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—Law Times Sheet Almanac for 1847, price 2s. plain.
- Maccabe's (W. B.) Catholic History of England, Vol. I. 8vo. 18s. cl.—MacGregor's (Dr. W. L.) History of the Sikhs, plates and maps, 2 vols. 8vo. 24s. cl.—Martin's (R. Montgomery) China, Part I. Topography, &c. 8vo. 6s. swd.—Montgomery's (Mrs. A.) Ashton Hall, fcap. 3s. 6d. cl.—My Youthful Companions, by author of "My Schoolboy Days," 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
- Napier's (Capt. H. E.) Florentine History, Vol. II. 12mo. 9s. cl.—Naturalists' Library, Vol. XV. People's Edition, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl. gilt.
- Phrenology Explained, with Illustrations and Definitions, 2s. on cards.—Post-Office Directory for 1847, royal 8vo. 30s. cl.
- Rowe (Dr. G. R.) on Nervous Diseases, 8vo. 5s. 6d. bds.
- Sequel to "Old Jolliffe," by the same Spirit, fcap. 8vo. 2s. cl.—Sewell's (Rev. W.) New Speaker and Holiday Task Book, 12mo. 6s. roan.—Shaw's Union Officers' Manual for 1847, by W. C. Glen, 12mo. 4s. cl.—Smith's (Dr. W.) Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography, &c. Vol. II. 8vo. 36s. cl.—Smith's (John) Irish Diamonds, illustrated by "Phiz," fcap. 5s. cl. gilt.—Spowden's (R. L.) Magistrates' Assistant and Constables' Guide, 12mo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Scane's (G.) January Eve, a Tale of the Times, fcap. 5s. cl.—Standard Novels, Vol. CIV. "The Preacher," by Capt. Marryatt, 12mo. 6s. cl.
- Tuck's Roller Calendar, 1847, 5s. 6d. in box.
- Waverley Novels, People's Edition, Vol. V. royal 8vo. 9s. swd.; 10s. cl.—Weale's Engineers' and Contractors' Pocket-Book for 1847-48, 6s. roan tuck.—White's (Dr. A.) Treatise on the Plague and Quarantine, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

IN spite of the recent advance of Three-Halfpence per pound on Common CONGOUS, the EAST-INDIA TEA COMPANY continue to supply their useful BLACK, in 6lb. bags, at 2s. 6d. per lb.; other sorts 2s. 10d., 3s. 4d. and 3s. 10d. COFFEES, 9d., 1s. and 1s. 3d.

Offices, 9, Great St. Helens, Bishopsgate.

TO THE EDITOR.—SIR,—“Our Medical Adviser” has suggested a very valuable addition to our ELASTIC SPRING CRAVAT, to prevent attacks of Influenza, Catarrh, Rheumatic, and many painful affections incidental to this season, and to which public attention is directed by

Your old and faithful servants,
F. HUGHES and CO.
Mechanicians.

247, High Holborn.

DIAMOND DUST.—DIRECT FROM THE MINES.

GENUINE DIAMOND DUST, for giving instantaneously the keenest edge to the bluntest razor or knife, is now regularly imported direct from the Mines of Golconda, the Brazils, and the Uralian Mountains; and may be had at the Wholesale Depot, 1, Angel-court, Strand, London, in rosewood boxes (with instructions) at 1s. 2s. 6d. 5s. and 10s. 6d. each, and at the various agents throughout the world.

Diamond Dust, it is well known, has been used for many years amongst the nobles of the Russian Court as an indispensable adjunct to the comfort of their toilets. His late Majesty George IV. and his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, were also well acquainted with the peculiar properties and application of the Diamond Dust, having used it for sharpening their razors for upwards of twenty years.

Diamond Dust.—“We have tried this dust on our razor-strop, and must say we find it most efficacious in giving our razor an admirable edge, a most desirable result for those who love easy shaving.”—*Bell's Life*, June 6.

Diamond Dust.—“The statement in the advertisement No. 163 is no exaggeration; we tried an old, useless razor, and the effect was truly surprising.”—*Family Herald*, June 13.

Copy of a Letter from COLONEL HAWKER. (The well-known Author on Guns and Shooting.)

Longparish House, near Whitechurch, Hants, October 21st, 1846.
SIR,—I cannot resist informing you of the extraordinary effect that I have experienced by taking only a few of your LOZENGES. I had a cough, for several weeks, that defied all that had been prescribed for me; and yet I got completely rid of it by taking about half a small box of your Lozenges, which I find are the only ones that relieve the cough without deranging the stomach or digestive organs.
I am, Sir, your humble servant,
To Mr. Keating, &c. 79, St. Paul's Church-yard. P. HAWKER.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES

Are patronized also by his Majesty the King of Prussia, his Majesty the King of Hanover, and most of the Nobility and Clergy of the United Kingdom, and are especially recommended by the faculty.

Prepared and sold in boxes, 1s. 1½d. and tins, 2s. 9d. 4s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. each, by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, &c. No. 79, St. Paul's Church-yard, London, and retail by all druggists and patent medicine vendors in the kingdom.

COMFORT FOR TENDER FEET, &c.

WELLINGTON-STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

HALL and CO. PATENTEES OF THE PANNUS CORIUM, or LEATHER CLOTH BOOTS and SHOES, for Ladies and Gentlemen. These articles have borne the test, and received the approbation of all who have worn them. Such as are troubled with Corns, Bunions, Gout, Chilblains, or Tenderness of Feet from any other cause, will find them the softest and most comfortable ever invented—they never draw the feet or get hard, are very durable, adapted for every climate; they resemble the finest Leather, and are cleaned with common blacking.

The PATENT INDIA RUBBER GOLOSHES are light, durable, elastic, and waterproof; they thoroughly protect the feet from damp or cold; are excellent preservatives against Gout, Chilblains, &c.; and when worn over a boot or shoe, no sensible addition is felt to the weight. Ladies and Gentlemen may be fitted with either of the above by sending a boot or shoe.

Hall and Co.'s Portable WATERPROOF DRESSES for Ladies and Gentlemen. This desirable article claims the attention of all who are exposed to the wet. Ladies' Cardinal Cloaks, with Hoods, 18s. Gentlemen's Dresses, comprising Cape, Overall, and Hood, 21s. The whole can be carried with convenience in the pocket.

HALL and CO. particularly invite attention to their ELASTIC BOOTS, which are much approved; they supersede lacing or buttoning, are drawn on in an instant, and are a great support to the ankle.

52, Fleet-street.

A NEW DISCOVERY IN TEETH.—MR. HOWARD, Surgeon-Dentist, 52, Fleet-street, has introduced an entirely NEW DESCRIPTION OF ARTIFICIAL TEETH, fixed without spring, wires, or ligatures. They so perfectly resemble the natural teeth as not to be distinguished from the originals by the closest observer; they will NEVER CHANGE COLOUR or DECAY and will be found very superior to any teeth ever before used. This method does not require the extraction of roots, or any painful operation, and will give support, and preserve teeth that are loose, and is guaranteed to restore articulation and mastication; and that Mr. Howard's improvement may be within reach of the most economical, he has fixed his charges to the lowest scale possible. Decayed teeth rendered sound and useful in mastication.—52, Fleet-street. At home from Ten till Five.

EXTRAORDINARY CURES by HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.—A Wonderful Cure of dreadful Ulcerous Sores in the Face and Leg, in Prince Edward Island.—The truth of this statement was duly attested before a magistrate.

I, Hugh Macdonald, of Lot 55, in King's County, do hereby declare, that a most wonderful preservation of my life has been effected by the use of Holloway's Pills and Ointment; and I furthermore declare, that I was very much afflicted with ulcerous sores in my face and leg; so severe was my complaint, that the greater part of my nose and the roof of my mouth was eaten away, and my leg had three large ulcers on it, and that I applied to several medical gentlemen, who prescribed for me, but I found no relief. My strength was rapidly failing every day, and the malady on the increase; when I was induced to try Holloway's medicines. After taking two or three boxes, I experienced so much relief, and found the progress of the disease was so much arrested, that I was enabled to resume my ordinary labours in the field. The sores, which were so disagreeable and repulsive to behold, are now nearly all healed. Having received such truly beneficial aid, I feel myself bound to express my gratitude to the person by whose means I have thus been restored from the pitiable and miserable state I was in; and for the sake of humanity make known my case, that others similarly situated might be relieved.

(Signed) HUGH MACDONALD.

This declaration made before me, at Bay Fortune, the 3rd day of September, 1845.

JOSEPH COFFIN, Justice of the Peace.

The above case of Hugh Macdonald, of Lot 55, came personally under my observation; and when he first applied to me to get some of the medicines, I thought his case utterly hopeless, and told him that his malady had got such hold that it was only throwing his money away to use them. He, however, persisted in trying them, and to my astonishment I find what he has aforesaid stated to be perfectly correct, and consider the case to be a most wonderful cure.

(Signed) WILLIAM UNDERHAY, Bay Fortune.

Sold at the establishment of Professor Holloway, 244, Strand, near Temple Bar, London, and by most respectable druggists and dealers in medicines throughout the civilized world, at the following prices in pots: 1s. 1½d. 2s. 6d. 4s. 6d. 11s. 22s. and 35s. each. There is a very considerable saving in taking the larger sizes.

THE MYSTERIES OF LONDON.

Second Series.

BY G. W. M. REYNOLDS.

The First Series of "THE MYSTERIES OF LONDON" being completed with No. 103 (published on the 19th of September), the Second Series will commence an entirely New and Original Tale, of an attraction and interest altogether equal to the First, which has been pronounced by all the leading newspapers to be "the most popular work of the day."

The Second Series will be published, uniformly with the First, in Weekly Penny Numbers, and Monthly Sixpenny Parts, Illustrated in the first style of the Art.

Vol. I. and II. of the First Series, beautifully bound, price 6s. 6d. each, are now ready.

PUBLISHED BY GEORGE VICKERS, 3, CATHERINE-STREET, STRAND.

THE DISEASES OF THE SKIN.

Now Ready, Price One Shilling, cloth, gilt, or by Post, Price One Shilling and Fourpence.

A TREATISE on the DISEASES and AFFECTIONS of the SKIN.

By A PHYSICIAN.

THE HUMAN HAIR.

Now Ready, and may be had of all Booksellers, Price One Shilling, cloth lettered, or by post One Shilling and Fourpence.

A TREATISE ON THE HUMAN HAIR.

By A PHYSICIAN.

Attention to the Hair is not only necessary on the ground of personal appearance, but also of the health of the head. This work contains instructions for the management of the Hair under all circumstances, with hints for its improvement when naturally obstinate, scanty, or bad. It also affords the necessary information for the cure of all disorders of the head, and will be found an invaluable guide to parents in respect to the treatment of their children's hair. Interspersed throughout its pages are numerous receipts for good pomatum, oils, dyes, depilatories (to remove superfluous hair), lotions, &c. for the diseases of the head, &c. &c.

LONDON: G. VICKERS, 3, CATHERINE STREET.

Fourth Thousand, price 6s. 6d. cloth,

GESENIUS'S HEBREW GRAMMAR,

Translated without Abridgment.

By T. J. CONANT.

With a Course of Exercises, and a Hebrew Chrestomathy, by the Translator.

Now ready, foolscap 8vo. 3s. cloth,

NOTES, ANALOGICAL AND EXPOSITORY,
ON THE BOOK OF REVELATIONS.

By J. ARNET STORY.

Ward and Co. 27, Paternoster-row.

BRITANNIA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,

1, Princes-street, Bank, London.

Empowered by Special Act of Parliament, 4 Vict. cap. 9.

ADVANTAGES OF THIS INSTITUTION.

MUTUAL ASSURANCE BRANCH.

Complete Security afforded to the Assured by means of an ample subscribed capital, and the large fund accumulated from the premiums on upwards of 6,000 Policies.

Half the amount only of the annual premium required during the first five years, the remaining half premiums being paid out of the profits, which, after five years, will be annually divided among the Assured.

PROPRIETARY BRANCH.

The lowest rates consistent with security to the Assured.

An increasing scale of premiums peculiarly adapted to cases where assurances are effected for the purpose of securing Loans or Debts.

Half-credit rates of Premium, whereby credit is given for half the amount of premium for seven years, to be then paid off, or remain a charge upon the policy at the option of the holder.

EXTRACTS FROM THE TABLES.

Annual Premiums required for an Assurance of 100l. for the Whole Term of Life.

MUTUAL ASSURANCE BRANCH.			PROPRIETARY BRANCH.		
Age.	Half Premium first five years.	Whole Premium first five years.	Age.	Half Premium first seven years.	Whole Premium first seven years.
20	£ s. d. 1 0 0	£ s. d. 2 0 0	20	£ s. d. 0 18 0	£ s. d. 1 16 0
25	1 2 2	2 4 4	25	0 19 7	1 19 2
30	1 4 11	2 9 10	30	1 1 9	2 3 6
35	1 8 6	2 17 0	35	1 4 11	2 9 10
40	1 13 3	3 6 6	40	1 9 2	2 18 4
45	1 19 6	3 19 0	45	1 14 10	3 9 8
50	2 7 9	4 15 6	50	2 2 6	4 5 0
55	2 18 10	5 17 8	55	2 12 9	5 5 6

PETER MORRISON, Resident Director.

LEFAY'S GRANDE POMMADE for the Cure of

L all painful Affections of the Nerves.—The discovery of this truly invaluable preparation was the result of deep research by an eminent French Physician, who devoted many years of his life to its accomplishment. Previously to this discovery, sufferers from the agonizing tic douloureux, excruciating gout, and torturing rheumatism, were doomed to hopeless anguish. Those afflicted by the above and similar complaints have now to rejoice in the certainty of their pangs being relieved, nay, effectually cured, by a few applications of this truly efficacious preparation, indeed, the torment of the most painful paroxysms will be allayed by one application. It requires no restraint from business or pleasure, nor does it cause any eruption, and may be applied to the most delicate skin without fear of injury.—Sold by appointment of Jean Lefay, the inventor, by his sole agent, John William Stirling, chemist, High-street, Whitechapel, in metallic cases, at 4s. 6d. and 2s. 9d. each. N.B. A Post-office order for 5s. will pay for a 4s. 6d. case and its carriage to any part of the United Kingdom. It can be had of Sanger, 150A, and Hannay and Co. 63, Oxford-street, and of all the principal medicine dealers.

Just published, 16th Thousand (in a sealed envelope), with twenty-five coloured Engravings, price 2s. 6d. or post-paid, to any address, for 3s. 6d. in Postage Stamps, or Post-office order.

A MEDICAL TREATISE on the SECRET INFIRMITIES and DISORDERS of YOUTH and MATURITY.

Illustrated with Twenty-five Coloured Plates, on the Anatomy and Physiology of the Organs. With practical observations on the Treatment of Nervous Debility, Local and Constitutional Weakness, and other Diseases.

By SAMUEL LAMERT, Consulting Surgeon, 9, Bedford-street, Bedford-square, London; Matriculated Member of the University of Edinburgh, Honorary Member of the London Hospital Medical Society, Licentiate of Apothecaries' Hall, London, &c. &c.

"This is decidedly the most scientific and yet most intelligible work of the kind we have ever yet perused; and the engravings and explanations which accompany it, present a moral and highly instructive lesson, by delineating the evil effects of youthful folly and excess. The subject is altogether treated in a very superior manner, and the author being a legally qualified medical man, we recommend his work to public notice with the utmost confidence."—*Railway Bell*.

Published by the Author, and may be had at his residence; also, from Messrs. Kent and Richards, 52, Paternoster-row; and Hannay and Co. 63, Oxford-street; or will be sent post-paid, direct from the author's residence, in a sealed envelope, by enclosing 3s. 6d. in postage stamps.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR'S-DAY BOOKS.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.—FISHER'S DRAWING-ROOM SCRAP-BOOK, for 1847, is now ready, containing Portraits of the Queen, Prince Albert, Hon. Mrs. Norton, Lord Hardinge, Sir R. Sale, C. P. Villiers, Richard Cobden, and twenty-nine other Engravings. A Quarto Volume—elegantly bound—One Guinea.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND.—FISHER'S JUVENILE SCRAP-BOOK, for 1847, containing sixteen highly-finished and interesting Plates, is now ready. Elegantly bound, eight shillings.

BY MRS. GORE. NEW YEAR'S DAY;—A Winter's Tale, for 1847, illustrated by George Cruikshanks, is now ready, uniform with Mrs. Gore's "Snow Storm," a Christmas Story, for 1846. Cloth elegant, 5s. each.

THE WIVES OF ENGLAND, being the 6th Volume of "The English Woman's Library," a series of five-shilling volumes, commencing with new editions of Mrs. Ellis's popular Works.—Now ready, Vol. I. The Women of England; their Social Duties and Domestic Habits.—Vol. II. The Daughters of England; their Position in Society, Character, and Responsibilities.—Vols. III, IV, and V. Family Secrets; or, Hints to make Home happy.

MRS. ELLIS'S LAST NEW WORK, TEMPER and TEMPERAMENT, or Varieties of Character. With 18 Plates, 2 vols. 8vo. cloth, 18s.

Fisher, Son, and Co. London; and all booksellers.

Just received from Paris, No. LX. for NOVEMBER, 1846.

JOURNAL des ECONOMISTES, Revue Mensuelle d'Economie Politique, et des Questions Agricoles, Manufacturières, et Commerciales.

CONTENTS:

Du Tarif des Fers, par M. Léon Faucher.
Résultats de la Réforme Postale en Angleterre, par M. Horace Say.
Mouvement de la Population Sarde, pendant la Période Decennale de 1828 à 1837.
Agitation pour la Liberté des Echanges.
Statistique Générale, Méthodique et Complète de la France, comparée aux autres Grandes Puissances de l'Europe.
L'Egypte en 1845.
Revue Mensuelle des Travaux de l'Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques.
Note sur le Commerce et sur la Physiologie du Port de Changhaï.
Société des Economistes.—Dîner offert à M. Rossi, Ambassadeur à Rome.
Bulletin; Bibliographie; Chronique.
George Luxford, 1, Whitefriars-street, Fleet-street, London.

Just published,

In post octavo, handsomely bound in crimson cloth, price 7s. 6d. and gilt, 8s. 6d.;

Elegantly bound in crimson morocco, suitable for Christmas Presents, 15s.

TALES of the CENTURY; or Sketches of the "Romance of History," between the Years 1746 and 1846.

By JOHN SOBIESKI, and CHARLES EDWARD STUART.

Also, Just Published, in 2 Vols. 12mo. price 10s. cloth, lettered,

TALES EXPLANATORY OF THE SACRAMENTS,

By the Authoress of
GERALDINE, A TALE OF CONSCIENCE:

Containing:

The Vigil of St. Laurence—Blanche's Confirmation.
The Sister Penitents—The Altar at Woodbank.
Cliff Abbey, or, the Last Anointing.
The Priest of Northumbria—The Spousal Cross.

London: C. Dolman, 61, New Bond-street,

Where may be had,

GERALDINE, A TALE OF CONSCIENCE, price 6s.
FATHER OSWALD, a Genuine Catholic Story, price 6s.
THORNBERRY ABBEY, a Tale of the Established Church, price 3s. 6d.

On the 1st of January, 1847, will be published, and continued Monthly, in demy 8vo. price 1s. 6d.

THE WORK-TABLE MAGAZINE of EMBROIDERY, CHURCH and DECORATIVE NEEDLE-WORK, KNITTING, NETTING, and CROCHET. By Mrs. MEE and Miss AUSTIN.—The above Magazine will comprise Instructions for and Illustrations of every kind of Needlework—Embroidery, Knitting, Netting, Crochet, &c. &c.: and the newest Patterns in each department of the Art will be selected. Decorative and Church Needlework will also form a prominent feature.

Advertisements will be received; and, from the influential class among whom this Periodical will circulate, it is confidently recommended as an eligible medium. Page, One Guinea; Half-page, 15s.; Third-page, 10s. 6d. Advertisements for the First Number must be received by the 15th of December.

London: D. Bogue, Fleet-street. Edinburgh: J. Menzies, Princes-street. Bath: C. Mee, Milson-street.

Now ready

SHARPE'S LONDON MAGAZINE, Part XIV. containing Five Numbers for December, published in advance, price 8d. with Nine Elegant Illustrations by the most Eminent Artists. Amongst many other Articles of interest, will be found an account of—The Atmosphere—A Christmas Day in the Country—Popular Year-Book—Thoughts on the Present Condition of Society—Ancient Customs—Legend of the Christmas Tree—Christmas as it is—Christmas-Box—Old Christmas—On National Holidays—Sympathy for the Poor—Le Verrier's Planet—Poetry—Miscellaneous, &c. &c.

London: T. B. Sharpe, 15, Skinner-street,

Who will publish on the 10th of December,

CHRISTMAS and CHRISTMAS CAROLS. Foolscap Quarto, with six Elegant Woodcuts, price One Shilling.

LAW REVERSIONARY INTEREST SOCIETY.

(Registered Provisionally.)

In Shares of 25l.—Deposit, as required by the Act, 2s. 6d. per Share.

The Legal Profession has established the most successful Assurance Offices in Europe. As yet no society has been established by the Profession for the transaction of the extensive and profitable business of the purchase of Reversionary Interests.

For the purpose of supplying this omission there is now in progress of formation a LAW REVERSIONARY INTEREST SOCIETY.

It is not deemed necessary to dwell upon the advantages of such a society. The profitable nature of the business is known to every body. Suffice it to observe, that all the existing societies, without any of the advantages of a legal connection, which this one will secure, are paying large dividends, or making large accumulations.

The LAW REVERSIONARY INTEREST SOCIETY is to be formed by shares of 25l. each. The ultimate capital will be One Million sterling; but, inasmuch as this capital is required only as investments offer, business will commence as soon as sufficient shares are subscribed to produce a fund wherewith to open negotiations for the purchase of reversions. And the capital will be enlarged from time to time as profitable investments may offer for it.

The deposit of 2s. 6d. per share, required by the statute, will be applied to the expenses of the first establishment, so that, if possible, the whole of the capital may be profitably invested.

It has not been deemed necessary to limit the allotment to members of the legal profession. It will, therefore, be open to any other persons desirous of easy and advantageous investment to apply for shares.

And for the purpose of enabling such persons to invest small sums where they will produce the greatest profit, it will be provided by the deed of settlement that the calls shall in no case exceed 1l. per share at one time, nor be made at less intervals than four months.

A Legal Directory, and a Legal Connection, must secure for this society an amount of business, and a caution in the conduct of it, which will give to the shareholders peculiar advantages.

The expenses of such a society are comparatively trifling. With a view to economy it is proposed that the Directors shall not exceed seven in number; that they shall be taken from among the Shareholders, and that by them the Trustees shall be selected.

The LAW REVERSIONARY INTEREST SOCIETY proposes to adopt all the improvements in the conduct of its business which the experience of late years has suggested.

The services of F. G. P. NEISON, Esq. F.S.A. have been secured as Consulting Actuary.

The peculiar advantages thus offered by this Society are—

To the Shareholders, interest after the rate of 4l. per cent. per annum on the capital advanced, from the time of payment, and a further division of the profits from time to time in the form of bonuses or otherwise. Reversionary Interests differ from other investments in this, that there is no risk—the capital is secured—the profits can be anticipated with accuracy, and the capital can only be called for as it is wanted to be profitably employed.

To the public it will offer the advantages of fair prices for Reversionary Interests and Policies, with an option of converting Reversionary Interests into present Income, so as to make provision for immediate wants or otherwise to facilitate family arrangements.

Applications for shares in the form below to be addressed to the Promoters of the LAW REVERSIONARY INTEREST SOCIETY, at the LAW TIMES Office, 29, Essex-street, Strand, London; or to the Solicitors to the Society, Messrs. JOHN and WILLIAM GALSWORTHY, 19, Ely-place, Holborn.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

To the Promoters of the LAW REVERSIONARY INTEREST SOCIETY.

Gentlemen,—Be pleased to allot me Shares of 25l. each in this Society, and I agree to pay the deposit of 2s. 6d. per share and the calls not exceeding 1l. per share at one time, nor at less intervals than of four months.

Dated

Name

Address

Refer to Name

Address

LONDON:—Printed by HENRY MORRELL COX, of 74, Great Queen Street, in the Parish of St. Giles in the Fields, in the County of Middlesex, Printer, at his Printing Office, 74 & 75, Great Queen Street aforesaid, and published by JOHN CROCKFORD, of 29, Essex Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Dances, in the City of Westminster, Publisher, at the Office of THE CRITIC, 29, Essex Street aforesaid, on Saturday, the 5th day of December, 1846.

